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THE
Female's Meditations;

OR,
COMMON OCCURRENCES SPIRITUALIZED,
IN VERSE.

By HANNAH WALLIS,

My Thoughts turn'd to Verse for these many long Years,
No Troubles have stopt it, no Joys, nor no Cares;
Compos'd all Extempore on Facts, but could find
No Time then to Write them, they dwelt in my Mind:
But Providence twist'd and turn'd me about,
At last I have wrote them, now printed, and out,
You Critics, (Reviewers,) find Fault if you please,
I hope to be patient, if you mean to tease.

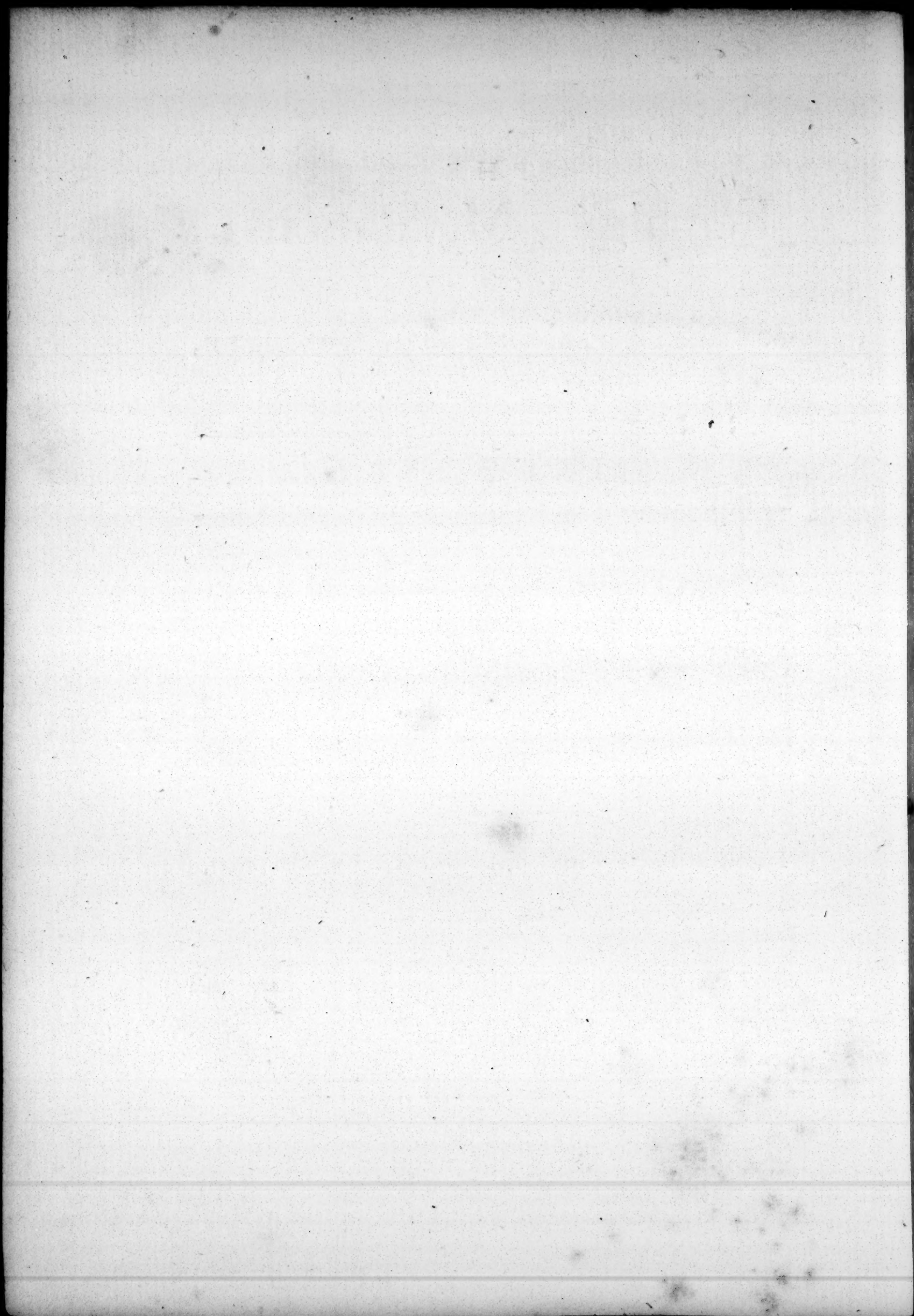
L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR; by C. WATTS, Queen-Street,
Grosvenor-Square.

And Sold by Mr. MATTHEWS, No. 18, Strand; Mr.
BUCKLAND, Pater-noster-Row; Mr. MURRAY, Princes-Street,
Soho; Mr. SIBLY, No. 29, Brick-Lane, Spittal-Fields; Mrs.
ANN BOULTWOOD, Matchen-Green, near Harlow, Essex; and
by the AUTHOR, No. 3, Duke-Street, Grosvenor-Square.

Price THREE SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE.

Entered at *Stationer's-Hall* to prevent any surreptitious Addition.
M,DCC,LXXXVII.



To the R E A D E R.

MY dear Friends and Christian Readers,
I have ventur'd my Thoughts abroad
unrecommended, unadorned by Human-
learning; but not unwater'd—No, I
have water'd them with my Tears, and
have beg'd of God to Water them with
the Dew of his Spirit; and if you find but
half that sweet Pleasure and pleasing Pain
in perusing them, which I experienced
in composing them, you will not grudge
your Money for the Purchase, nor regret
the Time spent in perusing them. But
if these Poems should fall into the Hands
of those, who do not love the dear
Redeemer, and if such take occasion
through the quaintness of some of them,

to blaspheme that holy Name, it will be at their peril, it is not my intent, God knows my Heart, to make sport with Divinity, for that is so dreadful, no Pen can describe, no Words can express, no Language can paint.—But O my God, thou great Jehovah, plead thine own cause, may what drops from my unworthy Pen never dishonour thee.

H. W.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

*I, At my Friends request,
Now sit me down to write
My Thoughts, which into Verse do run,
With pleasure and delight,
As Birds that fly at large,
So are my Notes untaught;
From Learning I expect no Praise,
Or elegant be thought.
But yet I think with Gospel sweets,
It here and there is deck'd:
I hope some who the Saviour love,
Will not these Lines reject.
My Verse as doggrel is condemn'd,
I Grammar do not know;*

But

*But all that's said can't stop my Muse,
 My Thoughts so fast does flow.
 One says, I think your Verse is flat,
 Another, 'tis too gay;
 The third replies, it Cloathing wants,
 What will Reviewers say?
 Will not they say, 'tis simple, mean,
 The Author was to blame,
 To publish here so poor a Work,
 And put to it her Name?
 Some wonder at my Courage oft,
 My Aid they do not see;
 I can do all Things, said St. Paul,
 Through Christ to strengthen me.
 My Verse, I hope, is cloath'd with Truth,
 Firm on a Rock thus stand;
 No Tempest then can shake it down,
 As if built on the Sand.
 When Weather hot, and Evenings fine,
 Then in the Country, Glow-worms shine;*

*In artless Beauty deck the Grass,
 And please the Country Lad and Lass.
 Perhaps he to her Hand conveys
 The reptile, both its Beauty praise,
 Without Deceit, no cunning Art,
 To speak the Language of the Heart.
 And truly Pleasant is the sight,
 When Worms and Insects do delight,
 And speak their great Creator's Praise,
 His Wisdom, and his wond'rous Ways.
 What Wisdom, Pow'r, and mighty Love,
 To new Create us from above;
 None but a God can e'er Create,
 This Work for Creature is too great.
 No proud Philosopher will try,
 For to Create one single Fly;
 Are any curious for to see
 What at Day-light the Glow-worms be?
 They then appear a red and Green,
 Harmless Worms obscure, and mean,*

The

*The Evening makes them shine so bright,
Like Moon they take a borrow'd Light.
I am a Worm, Lord, touch each Heart,
Dear Saviour, Lighten every part
Of this poor, worthless Work of mine,
And all the Honour shall be thine.*

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Some of the Principal Errors rectified.

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21	4	He can a Cure find.
29	5	A , after Delight, after what ?
—	6	Each other to betray.
44	11	Which he cannot regain.
73	6	The Sun does not me smite,
111	11	When to her resorted,
134	—	<i>A vain Young Man who was, &c.</i>
149	—	Again was in that doleful Room,

THE

T H E
Female's Meditations.

A Prayer to God for a Blessing to this Work.

CORRECT this Work my God, I pray,

Let it corrected be :

Amend each Line, when 'tis review'd,

Thou all its Faults can see.

Grant that thy Holy Spirit may

A polish'd Shaft thus send

Unto the Sinners Conscience ;

To love the Sinners Friend.

A

Tho',

2 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Tho' I'm an Instrument so weak,
I know thou can'st impart,
Some of those artless Thoughts of mine,
To warm thy People's Heart.

And if thou dost a Blessing give,
Oh! may I thankful be;
And know the Talent I employ,
Was only lent to me.

*Thanks to God for the Preservation of the Life of our
Sovereign King George III. from the Hands of
Margaret Nicholson, who attempted to assassinate
his Majesty.*

MY God, accept my grateful Thanks,
Which I would to thee give;
Thou did'st preserve our gracious King;
Great George does longer Live.

Thou

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 3

Thou would'st not give him up to Death,
By a base Woman's Hand:
Oh! may he long a Blessing live
To this our favor'd Land.

Yea, favor'd with a Prince that's mild,
To guard the British Throne;
And where the Gospel of thy Son
Is daily taught and known.

What a fine Olive-branch of Peace,
Does from this Gospel grow!
Finer than that the Dove pluck'd off,
When we it's Beauties know.

Under our Vine and Fig-tree fit,
None dare make us afraid;
Since we these Blessings still enjoy,
What could offend the Maid?

4 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Sure Pride and Want had seiz'd her Brain;
And tortur'd so her Mind;
In frenzy 'tempts her Sov'reign's Life,
Who gracious is and kind.

His Lenity excus'd her Fault,
He thought she was Infane:
"Take Care of her, but hurt her not," *
No Anger did she gain.

His Life was precious in God's Sight,
And to his Subjects dear;
God's friendly Hand turn'd off the Blow,
When danger seem'd so near.

Well may his Royal Partner love
A Spouse so good and kind;
Sure not a Prince upon this Earth
Like to great George you'll find.

* The King's own Words at the time she was taken.

How

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 5

How many Olive Branches fair,
This Royal Pair furround !
Oh ! may they long and happy reign,
With shining Virtues crown'd

And when their mortal Lives shall end,
May God give them a Crown,
In Heav'n, to cast at Jesu's Feet,
Of Glory and Renown !

Reflections on Youthful Days.

WHEN I survey the Days of Youth,
How trifling do they seem !
When Young and Gay how apt are all
Of Happiness to Dream !

But when we come t' advance in Life,
Afflictions us awake ;
Convinc'd that Bliss we ne'er shall find
'Till we a Refuge take.

'Till

6 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

'Till on the Rock of Ages here,
True Happiness we find;
Does any, then, prefer the Sands?
What error in the Mind!

Know that your House will tumble down,
When rough Storms beat and blow:
This is a Truth in Scripture found,
Our Saviour told us so.

On Old Maids being despised, and Thought unhappy.

AN D are Old Maids thought so forlorn?
Was Jephtha's Daughter so?
For to bemoan that wretched State,
She'd to the Mountains go.

What was the Cause? Her Father's Vow;
Which he did rashly make;
And she became a Sacrifice;—
A Husband ne'er to take.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 7

But surely I'll contented be
To live a single Life;
If Providence has not ordain'd
That I should be a Wife.

I know I shall be laughed at,
And oft reproached be:
A saying 'tis, that Words are Wind,
So are these Sneers to me.

Since Marriage is the hardest scheme,
To execute in Life!
How is it Man takes no more Thought
In choos'ing him a Wife?

To have a Servant, or for Gold,
How many of them wed!
Their undertaking must be great,
Man's of his House the Head.

8 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

He an Account to God must give,
For all within his Gate ;
But few, I fear, e'er think of this,
When Servants on them wait.

How common on the Sabbath Day,
To entertain their Guest ;
Oh ! think that Servants have got Souls ;
This is a Day of rest.

Should not they rest from worldly Toil,
To seek for rest divine,
I often pity Servants much,
Who have but little Time.

Perhaps they know not God in Christ,
Tho' Snares do them surround,
I fear such Heads of Families
Are out of Duty found.

Can

FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 9

Can these obedience Servants have,
Yet warn them of no Crime,
Nor tell them there's a God to fear,
But rob him off their Time.

Few, very few, will mind, I fear,
The Truths I here have said—
You know not how you'd act, they cry,
If you your self were Wed.

I answer look into God's Word,
And that will plainly shew
Your Duty both to God and Man,
'Tis fit you should it know.

The Choice of a Husband.

WELL, let me then a Husband have,
If one like this you'll find:
Oh! let him be benevolent,
Courteous, faithful, and kind.

B

Kind

10 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Kind to my Sex as well as me,
To give them friendly Aid;
Ready to Pity, when he sees
A Maiden is betray'd.

May he ne'er of those Freedoms boast,
For which his Sex I blame;
And if he's been to folly led,
Be it his Grief and Shame.

I fain would have him constant too;
But if he faithless be,
Oh! may I never know the same,
Then he'll seem chaste to me.

Religious too I'd have him be,
His Sentiments like mine;
That we may give each other aid,
In social Worship join.

My

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. II

My Lord and Master he shall be,
My Husband, my delight ;
But surely I will Mistress be—
In Scripture, this is right.

For Abraham indulg'd his Wife,
And sent his Son away :
Your Maid is in your Hand the Sire,
Another time did say.

Have I a living here forgot,
And nought of Wealth have said ?
Oh ! may he be industrious,
May we have daily Bread !

Remember who the giver is,
And be well satisfied :
Mountains of Wealth the mind out-weighs,
So thinks a virtuous Bride.

12 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Walking in Hyde Park.

WHEN walking in Hyde-Park,
How pleafant was the Air,
But Oh! how many here do come
In Trouble and Defpair!

Yes, come to feek for Death,
Because their Life did fear;
Therefore they heedleffly have plung'd
Into the Bafon here.

Ah! heedleffly it was,
Or they would dread the Crime:
What are the Troubles of this Life
To thofe which follow Time!

Thefe meet an angry God,
And fink in endlefs Pain:
Ah! would they Murder now themfelves,
Were they alive again?

But

'THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 13

But some seek here another Death,
Say they, on Honor's Ground,
Such sure must much mistake the Term—
There's no such Honor found.

No Honor 'tis to kill a Man,
That does but you offend,
And thus yourself, or else your Friend,
To endless Torments send.

No Honor 'tis thus to transgress,
The Laws of God and Man:
In this to justify themselves,
Sure, rightly, no one can.

Oh! think of this, before you Fight,
That you to sin may fear;
How will you meet a God in Peace,
Who die in Anger here.

He.

14 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

He is a God of Justice too,
And punish will your Crime,
Unless your Peace be made with him,
Which must be done in time.

For as the Tree falls to the Ground,
You'll find, so it will lie ;
No Honor's due unto that Man
Who out of Christ shall die.

Ye Men of Spirit, think on this,
Lest Satan you deceive !
The Honor you in Duels win,
Like knowledge is of Eve.

The Honor that the Saviour gives,
Does with bright lustre shine ;
'Tis Righteousness, and Peace and Love,
And Blessings all divine.

Seeing

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 15

Seeing Amoranda very gay and merry.

I Find you chearful are, and gay ;
But Oh ! look round, my Dear ;
You're in a World of Sin and Woe,
Of every Step beware.

You early are beset with snares,
Like Serpents Men will bite :
Oh ! pray to God to guard your Heart,
And guide your Actions right.

Abimelech dar'd not to touch,
Chast Sarah for her ill ;
The Lord that lov'd her kept him back,
He guards the virtuous still.

Upon the flatt'rer ever look,
As froth upon the Beer ;
Oh ! give it all unto the Wind,
His Word's like poison'd Air.

Yes,

16 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Yes, were you like to Absalom,
No blemish could be found;
Yet know that you was born to die,
Death soon may give the Wound

Your Body must return to Dust,
Your Soul to God appear;
To give Account what you have done
While in the Body here.

Upon the Rake, then, never Smile,
Like Dogs they're running mad;
On Mischief set, they others bite,
And make the Joyful sad.

Upon the Man of Sense alone,
That has a virtuous Mind,
It only can be safe to Smile——
Be caut'ous how you're kind.

Oh !

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 17

Oh! pray to God to pity you,
And save you thro' his Son,
He's promised forgiveness thro'
What Christ our Lord has done.

That he may guide and guard your Path,
I beg, both Night and Day;
Left Man, vile Man, should break your Peace
And steal your Joys away.

On Pride. An Address to Damon.

I Fain would speak of Damon's Pride,
But how shall I begin?

Oh! may the Sov'reign Love of God
Shew him how vile he's been!

This then would soon eclipse his Pride
His Heart once could he see:
From thence proceed all evil Thoughts,
A num'rous Train they be!

C

How

18 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

How vain is Beauty ! like the Moth
That's soon crush'd with the hand,
The Butterfly, with pretty Wings,
Can scarce one Summer stand.

Oh, Strephon ! who had Beauty once,
And Sense so well refin'd ;
His Talents great, were only lent,
How shatter'd now his Mind !

And as along thro' Life you pass,
Be it by Land or Sea,
You surely will with crosses meet,
And disappointed be.

When God rais'd Neb'chadnezzar high,
Away with Pride he's led ;
To low'r this haughty Monarch's Pride,
His understanding fled.

When

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 19

When Herod an Oration made,
The People shouted loud;
He quickly eaten was of Worms,
Because the Prince was proud.

I need none of your dull remarks,
Will not young Damon say?
Well, if I must not to you speak,
I'll daily for you pray.

*Seeing a Hearse and Mourning Coaches stand in
Piccadilly.*

SOMEBODY soon will be convey'd,
To mingle with the Dust;
But has the Soul first took it's flight,
To sing among the Just?

20 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATION.

Attendance to convey it home,

In readiness does stand ;

But then I started with surprize,

A Friend had seiz'd my hand.

He noticed, that I was surpriz'd,

I then unto him said,

I was, just now, quite lost in Thought :

He said, a Doctor's dead !

Many a Guinea oft he took

To cause grim Death to stay ;

But he's become his Conquer'r now,

And borne him too away.

But Christ is a Physician true,

So boundless is his Skill,

He conquer'd Hell, and Death must wait

The great Physician's Will.

He

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 21

He gave Advice unto the Poor,
And Sight unto the Blind;
For all Disease upon this Earth,
But he a Cure did find.

And did he give the Deaf to hear?
Yea, made the Lame to Walk;
He healed to, the Dumb, I find,
And made their Tongue to talk.

He healeth all those Sin-sick Souls
That do to him apply;
But yet some are so vain, I think,
As noxious Drugs to buy.

And thus they Grow still worse and worse,
And no Relief can find,
Until by Grace are humbly brought
Unto a Saviour kind.

Seeing

22. THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Seeing Strephon in Mourning for Belisia.

F E W Swains do like young Strephon mourn,
Whom now in Black I see,
But what's his Love compair'd to him,
That died for wretched me.

Tho' Strephon Mourns, she knows it not,
Her Eyes by Death are shut,
Yet still he Mourns the Maid he lov'd,
He can't, he won't forget.

With Joy and Transport let me view
My Saviour ris'n again;
He never liv'd, he never died,
For any one in vain.

To Strephon, on the Death of Belisia.

D O E S Strephon Mourn Belisia Dead?
He will no comfort take:

Rash

Rash Youth: why will you go to Sea;
Your Mother's Heart to break?

True comfort is in God alone
Thro' a Redeemer dear;
And Happiness you'll never find
Unless you find it there.

This was Belisia's comfort too;
Nor was she loath to part,
And go to her Redeemer dear,
Tho' once you had her Heart.

Then now prepare to follow her,
(Death soon may meet you here)
To endless Joys; and part again,
You never need to fear.

24 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

The Surprise soon vanish'd.

AS Sylva with her Friend did walk,
And having join'd in social talk,
An object darted on her sight,
In whom her Eyes did oft delight.

Surpris'd, she look'd into that Face,
He spoke, and moved with such a grace;
Then quickly did from her depart,
But as not absent from her Heart.

All earthly Joys are like to this:
Oh! what is vision'ry Blifs!
So Friends belov'd are on the Mind,
In them we Grief or Pleasure find.

The Saviour gave his Life away,
And this Command did on us lay,
That we should bear him on the Mind,
The tokens of his Love are kind.

His

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 25

His pierced Side, his Hands, and Feet,
Thus Love and Justice is complete,
For Sinners that accept the same,
And thus to Saints have chang'd their Name.

Ye Christians weak do not delay,
Unto the Saviour come away;
He will not slight your Love sincere
His love to you you need not Fear.

But do you dread an evil Heart,
God's Spirit does the Law impart
To make the consc'ous Sinner feel,
That Christ the wounded Soul may heal.

From a Friend in London, to a Friend in the Country.

I N rural Shades methinks you Ride a long :
Not so with me, I pass amid'ft a throng,

D

Does

26 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Does Groves and Fields sweet Meditation raise,
While tuneful Birds chaunt forth their Maker's Praise?

And thus delighted you pass on your way
Unto God's House, to Love, and Praise and Pray;
And when you're there, may your Redeemer's Love
Unto your Soul the richest Cordial prove.

Which you have heard, and have receiv'd through
Grace,

Oh! may it prove delightful to your Taste,
Nourish your Soul while you on Earth do live,
And after Death immortal Honors give.

I hope to join in that immortal Throng;
Where Grace shall ever dwell upon my Tongue;
But London is a trying Place, my dear,
I tread the Streets, and to God's House repair,

Where able Ministers the Truth display,
Oh! may my Eyes ne'er tempt my thoughts away,
From my dear Lord, so Sov'reign kind and good,
When that I hear he bought me with his Blood.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 27

But Oh! with Grief and humble Shame I find,
That trifles oft will discompose my Mind.
Sometimes returning, thus I roam the Street,
Careless of what I see, or whom I meet.

'Tis among Mortals now I spend my Days,
No tuneful Birds are near in Woods to Praise.
Oftentimes I wish I could retire more,
To seek my God, and read his Volume o'er.

But as for this, I want both place and time,
And thus my Thoughts are often turn'd to rhyme.
Amid'st these Scenes how do I think of thee,
How different God has cast thy Lot from me.

Yet, both I hope are on the Road to Bliss,
That God who governs, never Rules amiss,
Yes, I rejoice, 'tis thus the Scriptures tell,
The Saviour has done all Things for us well.

28 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Lead us, dear Lord, which way thou pleasest,
Ne'er suffer us to stray;
For sure we are to Canaan bound,
And Jesus is the Way.

A View of St. James's-Park.

O H! what a busy World is here?

Ah! busy, what, in sin?

Why sure it is the Sabbath Eve,

We now are Walking in.

Is this the time that lew'd Men catch

Young Virgin's to decoy;

And what they do admire most,

They Labour to destroy.

Is this to act like Men of Sense?

But Oh! you'll often find,

That

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 29

That those who are such Slaves to lust,
Are quite to reason blind.

Is this the place where Coquets walk,
As hunting for their Prey?
And so each Sex delight in what
Each other will betray.

And thus does Man the Woman blame,
So did our Father first;
But as both Eve and Adam sinn'd
So both for Sin were curst.

The Ground was curst to for Man's sake,
And he must toil for Bread;
And, as the Woman fell the first,
So Man must be her Head.

And would you lead us into Sin,
Who 're giv'n for our guide?
And, tho' you do betray your trust,
Yet, 'tis your boast and pride.

Oh!

30 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Oh! where shall then poor Women go?

Men would make them forlorn;

They may unto a Saviour fly—

He was of Woman born.

So thus the Woman may rejoice,

That Jesus Christ does bless,

He'll safely guide those that him love

All thro' this Wilderness.

Oh! could I here view every Heart,

What difference should I find,

Of Cares and Sorrows that perplex,

And feed upon the Mind!

Diseas'd, no doubt, some walking here,

To seek from Air relief,

While others swiftly fly to Drink,

And drown in Wine their Grief.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 31

But have not some to Worship been,
Like Bees return'd from Flowers,
Laden with Gospel's-Honey Sweets,
As Food for future hours?

Oh! may I then industr'ous be
On ev'ry Sabbath Day;
And have great store of Gospel Sweets,
Before me ever lay.

Ye Young and Gay, that walk the Park,
Or range the World around;
You never will have happiness
Unless these Sweets are found.

They prove a Cure for every Wound,
A Cordial for each fear;
Sure not the Balm of Gilead
Was purchas'd half so dear.

For

32 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

For these the Saviour gave his Life,

His Death did for them pay;

And now his Bounty is so great

He gives them free away.

I find that he has made his Will;

Why don't you look and see,

What are those Legacies of Love

He may have left for thee?

Walking in Bond-Street.

I Wonder and admire oft,

How great that God must be,

That makes and governs all this Croud,

What Numbers do I see!

He knows the wish of every Heart,

And every Thought can tell;

The Name and Surname of them all,

And where each one does dwell.

And

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 33

And does he open wide his hand,
And give to all their Bread?
Oh! may I ne'er unmindfull be,
That thus I have been fed!

And do we ask our Bread of God?
For this some often pray:
And yet in Action contradict,
What thus in Word they say.

Will not the prosp'rous often say,
My Hand has got me Store?
And will that Man be often blam'd
Altho' induſt'rous Poor.

Yea, blam'd in Providence to truſt,
Who hardly Bread can find?
And this ſometimes has troubled me,
Yet ſurely God is kind.

E

But

34 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

But in God's Book, his sacred Word,
There I true Knowledge find,
When e'er his Holy Spirit does,
Impress it on my Mind.

For there I find the Father is
Revealed in his Son;
And they in Spirit Worship him,
That right unto him come.

The Fathers know how to give gifts
Unto their Children dear;
And will not God his Spirit give
To those that do him fear?

And that he gives the greater Gift,
The less he'll not deny:
Increase my Faith, dear Lord, in thee—
I'll on thy Word rely.

On the Spring.

NOW in the Month of May,
How chearful is the Spring?
All Nature's coming into Life,
Hark! hear the Black Bird sing.—
The Lark will soon mount up,
And make the Wood, to ring;
Sweet Philomel upon the Thorn,
At Eve is heard to sing;
And may we not our Youth compare
Unto the chearful Spring?
Before keen Trouble wounds the breast,
How do we laugh and sing!
As we advance along in Life,
Time will its Trouble bring.
A Thorn springs up in every Path,
Untunes the Heart to sing:

36 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

But, Oh! the Gospel's pleasant Sweets
Are like unto the Spring.

The Jewish wintr'y State is o'er,
Good News did Angels bring:

Stop, here my Muse, and ask my Soul,
Hast thou enjoy'd a Spring?

Is the cold Frost of Winter o'er,
Has Grace taught thee to sing?

I hope the Frost of Winter's o'er,
But Thorns in Summer Spring;—

When Godly Sorrow wounds the Heart,
Thro' Grace alone we sing.

On Seeing Sheep lately Shorn.

YE Sheep, ye have been stripp'd
That Man may cloathed be;
Have I a Robe of Righteousness,
By Faith to cover me?

To cover me from Sin,
That shame may not appear—
This is the Robe the Saviour made,
And all his Servants wear.
Ye Sheep will soon be put to death,
And be to us for Food;
And those that love the Lord in truth,
Shall not want any good.
Yea, rather than his Saints should Want,
The Saviour once did die;
And gave his Flesh to them for Food,
Their Souls to satisfy.
Dear Lord, increase my Faith,
In Providence and Grace;
Since that I hope of things divine,
My Soul has had a Taste.

Seeing a House on Fire in Bond-Street.

A S I was going to my Bed,
'Twas on a Summer's Night;

A

38 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

A House did then burst out in Flames,
How dreadful was the fight !

The suffering Inhabitants
Did from the Window fall ;
I heard the Engine hast'ning on,
The Watch-man's Rattle call.

But, Oh ! my Soul, think thou of this—
The Heavens will retire ;
The Elements shall melt with heat,
And all the World be Fire.

How wonderful will be that fight,
When all the Earth is burn'd !
Nations that forget the Lord
Shall into Hell be turn'd.

May I of God my Saviour think,
And thus I safe shall be ;
It is a pleasing happy Thought,
That once he dy'd for me.

*On a Storm of Thunder in August, 1784; by which
a Man was kill'd at a Mill, near Lewis, in
Suffex.*

HARK! how the Thunder rolls along,
See there the Light'ning speaks;
What wilt thou do, thou guilty Wretch,
If on thy Head it breaks.

That Flash can send you down to dwell
In th' Chamber of the Grave;
And, what is worse, to Hell it's self,
If you no Saviour have.

How short and fleeting is our Life,
A momentary Stay!
By Accident, or sudden Death,
We may be snatch'd away.

By

40 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

By Accident! correct that word,
We cannot lose our breath;
Because I find the Saviour has
The Keys of Hell and Death.

Tremble, ye Sinners, and make Peace
In Time, do not delay:
Kiss ye the Son, lest, angry he,
You perish from the way.

And you that see your need of him,
And have a Hope thro' Grace;
What glorious Joys will you await,
To see him Face to Face.

Oh! what new Wonders will arise!—
There needs no Candle Light;
No, not the shining of the Moon,
Nor Sun tho' e'er so bright.

The

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 41

The Lamb that's in the midst thereof
Shall lighten all the place;
And all his Saints in Robes of White,
Will shine to sov'reign Grace.

The Fall of the Leaf.

THE Leaves begin to fall,
And Winter's coming on;
And so I think it is with me,—
The spring of Life is gone.

I, like the Leaf must fall,
And moulder in the Dust;
Yet do I hope, thro' Christ my Lord,
To rise amongst the Just.

Yes, rise to endless Joys,
My Saviour dear to see;
This Soul and Body then again
Will close united be.

F

Why

42 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Why should I wish to stay?

Have I no Friends that's dear,
That will convey me to the Dust,
And drop a falling Tear?

My Brother may, I think,
When that from hence I'm gone;
But he's a Wife and Children dear,
To set his Love upon.

Dearer than any Friend,
Will Jesus be to me;
When that without a Glass between,
His lovely Face I see.

On Public Amusement.

TO Astley's and Hughes's
I never will go;
There's no Pleasure for me,
I very well know.

No.

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 43

No Music that's there
Ee'r my Ear can delight ;
Their Actions, like Phantoms,
Delude thus the fight.

Amusements in London,
Like Shadows soon fly ;
These can ne'er ease the Heart,
Tho' they charm oft the Eye.

If not like to Shadows,
What's worse, they prove Darts,
That wound oft the Conscience,
And poison young Hearts,

Instead of false Pleasures,
Improve then, your Minds ;
Think, how fast fly your lives,
And how precious is time !

44 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Phelander in London,
Of late took his way;
He arrived at his Friend's,
And a few Days did stay.

Amusements in Fashion,
He earnestly fought;
But Phelander grew sad,
Appeared full of Thought.

Sure those Tears in his Eyes
Shew his Heart is in pain;
For his time was mispent,
Which cannot regain.

Ye vot'ries of Pleasure,
Forgive me I pray;
You must answer lost time
Spent in seeing a Play.

That

That feeds not your Bodies,
Improves not your Mind;
No comfort from these
On a Death-bed you'll find.

You'll give me the Vapours,
Some Readers may cry;
Forgive me, dear Reader,—
You know you must die.

And Death will most surely
Arrive at Life's end;
Be careful you meet him
Like to a kind Friend.

The kind Friend of finners,
Did not shun pale Death;
And thus the Testator
A Testament left.

Observe

46 THE FEMALES MEDITATIONS.

Observe then his Will,—

That you read, and you pray;
But he nev'r commands you
To go to a Play.

No comfort in dying;
If Christ is away:
Tho' you be at Astley's,
Or seeing a Play.

Oh! think how unwelcome
Must Death be to Reay! *
You, know that he met her
Just come from the Play.

Death can shoot as fatal
As Hackman did Reay;
Tho' you be at Astley's,
Or seeing a Play.

* Miss REAY was Shot by Mr. HACKMAN as she was stepping into a Coach, soon after she came out of the Play-House.

When

When Death does come for you,
Then you must away ;
Know that he's a Tyrant,
And for you'll not stray.

He stay'd not for Virgins
When Oil they'd to buy ;
But the Door was close shut,
And in vain was their cry.

Oh! pray for sweet Oil, then,
To set your Hearts right ;
If the Bridegroom should come
Tho' 'tis late in the Night,

Have your Lamps, then, fresh trimm'd
With Jesus away :
Leave Follies of Aftley's,
And seeing a Play.

On Lying.

A Lyar, does the Psalmist say,
 Shall not stay in my fight?
 Will any then be bold, and cry,
 King David was not right?

Oh! were the Monarch now on Earth,
 I pray where must he dwell?
 From whence must he his Servants fetch,
 If they no Lye must tell?

Methinks his Lordship to his Man,
 Thus frequently will cry—
 “Mind, John, I’m not at home To-day;
 So teaches him to Lye.

And John a ready Scholar, quick;
 Who learns so fast, you’ll find,
 That he will tell a Lye for self,
 When e’er he has a Mind.

I wonder that your Lordships
Your Servants e'er believe;
When you your selves have taught them thus
Each other to deceive,

Miss P—— says that she hates a Lye,
Yet will the Servant tell,
“ Say that I'm not at home, I pray,”
And likes the Maxim well.

But yet she says, she's not so mean
As e'er to tell a Lye;
But sure she loves and makes one too
Oh, fie! Miss P—— fie, fie!

Ann's religious, Sylva says,
Besides she is not young;
And yet I know, a Lye will come
With Pleasure from her Tongue:

50 THE FEMALES MEDITATIONS.

Thus Sylva, Ann condemns with scorn
And often does her blame ;
Because that she will tell a Lye,—
Yet Sylva does the same.

But Sylva says, that she is young,
So thinks excus'd to be ;
Her right Hand from her left she knows,
She's Blind, and cannot see.

But for Ann's Lyes, then, Sylva, know,
You no Account shall give ;
But certainly to God you must,
How you on Earth do live.

Oh ! do not think that I am harsh,
Because these Truths I tell ;
All Lyars that do not repent,
Shall burned be in Hell.

The

The Devil is their Father too,
Thus does the Saviour say;
Oh! fly to him, he is the truth,
To Heav'n he is the Way.

On Fortune-Telling.

YE Youth, who're coming into Life,
And wish to marry well;
Oh! ne'er to an old Woman run,
Your Fortunes for to tell,

How do you think a Hag that's old,
And Lyes to get her Bread,
Can teach you any Heart to win,
Or rightly how to wed?

If Gipsies do to you approach,
Ne'er lend to them an ear;
For, if they do with Devil's call,
Their Counsel we should fear.

52 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Magicians vile, as Scripture-fays,
Dealt by their Magic Art;
Their Rods they'd into Serpents turn,
When hard was Pharaoh's Heart.

And thus I read, the Rod of God
Their Rods did all devour;
Tho' evil they could quick perform,
Good was not in their pow'r.

How many do we hear thus fay,
When they are gay and young,
They'll have their Fortunes told, merely
To make a piece of fun.

But God will never jest with you,
Consider this, I pray:
Left you cast Fire-brands and Death,
And Sport your Souls away.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 53

But Sally once was cross and old,
I do remember well;
She kept by her a pack of Cards,
Her Fortune for to tell.

But this fure broke, not made her peace,
How seldom did she pray!
She was too much perplex'd in Mind,
To worship on God's day.

Oh! never to the Plannets run,
Your Fortunes for to know;
For what is God's revealed Will,
The Scriptures plainly show,

And this is his revealed Will,
That we in Christ believe,
The greatest Knowledge that on Earth
A Mortal can receive,

Then

52 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

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Dealt by their Magic Art;
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To make a piece of fun.

But God will never jest with you,
Consider this, I pray:
Left you cast Fire-brands and Death,
And Sport your Souls away.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 53

But Sally once was cross and old,
I do remember well;
She kept by her a pack of Cards,
Her Fortune for to tell.

But this sure broke, not made her peace,
How seldom did she pray!
She was too much perplex'd in Mind,
To worship on God's day.

Oh! never to the Planets run,
Your Fortunes for to know;
For what is God's revealed Will,
The Scriptures plainly show.

And this is his revealed Will,
That we in Christ believe,
The greatest Knowledge that on Earth
A Mortal can receive.

Then

54 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Then don't neglect to read God's Word,
And yet so curious be;
For thus you sport with Life and Death,
Yet don't your ruin see.

On seeing an Officer Walking up Bond-Street.

HOW nice a shape that Leg,
As Pencil's art can take;
So Streight the growth, how fine the Man,
Who did that Fabric make?

My God, I know t'was thou
That fashion'd it of Clay;
And at thy pleasure shall it fall,
And moulder all away.

Is he a Man of War,
And Honor in the Field?
Ye Maidens, love your honor more,
And never to him yield.

Does

Does he his Sovereign love,
His Country's good at Heart?
And yet to injure harmless Maids,
How cowardly a part!

He cannot love the King of Kings,
That thus his Law will break;
And will be found a Traitor too,
That does such Rebels make.

Yea, Rebels worse than Vipers are,
These Women are forlorn,
They're worse than Snakes or Adders are,
Then drop a Tear and mourn.

With horror see such walk the Streets,
T' ensnare the heedless youth;
Whose Guests are in the depth of Hell,
We know it for a truth.

56 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Do not your Conscience you reproach,

You fine, but monster Man?

I know it will its office do,

Tho' stifle it all you can.

What will you do when at God's Bar

You are called to appear?

Money will then be of no use,

No Counsel for you there.

Oh! where will you for safety fly?

You'll surely be undone;

Unless you have a Friend at Court,

God saves you thro' his Son.

But know, you must renewed be,

And thus be born again:

God saves us from the love of Sin,

The Scripture here is plain.

Then

Then watch your Heart, and guard your Eyes,
And make a Wife your care ;
You may be happy in her love,
And own your Children dear.

Advice to the Fair.

YE Maidens fair, shun every Man,
Beware of him in Red ;
The one may force, the other try
To sooth you to his Bed.

For what's a Pistol, Sword, or Gun,
If Virtue's in the way ?
But, Oh ! the Tongue, the flatt'ring Tongue,
It's Thousands does betray !

If a fine Person is a Man,
And has a handsome Face ;
Oh ! how I tremble for the Maid,
When such a Man turns base !

H

It

58 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

It needs more strength than any Man,
To conquer Satan's wiles;
How can a feeble Woman stand
When each upon her Smiles!

Oh! pray to God to give you strength
In a Redeemer dear;
He's a firm Rock, you'll surely find;
'Tis safety, standing there.

On the Death of Sylva.

AS I walk'd down a lonely Lane,
A Damsel by my side
Said, Sylva 'court'ous was and kind;
Then told me how she dy'd.

When on her Death-bed Strephon fought
To take her for his Wife;
Of this the Maiden never knew,
She just had done with Life.

Not

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 59

Not Father's, Mothers tend'rest thoughts
Could make grim Death to stay;
Nor yet the Lover's ardent wish
Could frighten him away.

Ye Maidens, then, do think of this,
Who now are in your bloom;
And give your Hearts to Jesus, since
Death may call on you soon.

Happy are those who're found in Christ.
How short is mortal Life!
No cause to mourn, if die when young,
Or wish to live a Wife.

*The emptiness of Praise:
Clarissa Visiting her Old Companions.*

HERE then I tread the Ground again,
Where, in my youthful days,

60 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

I saw a row of Swains to stand :
They did my person Praise,

I do remember, quite abash'd,
I then did hang my Head;
My Sister too their Praises shar'd:
But Oh, alas! she's dead!

What is the finest form on Earth,
For Worms to feed upon!
How sickly is the praise of Man,
How soon is Beauty gone!

When Young, I liken it to smoke,
Which does offensive seem;
And when old Age is creeping on,
It's like unto a Dream.

Smoke is offensive to the Nose,
And hurtful to the Eyes;
So Praise does hurt the Maid that's vain,
And oft offends the Wife.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 61

But now with boldness I look'd up,
And did with pleasure see,
Each rural Swain, or Christian Man
That seem'd to notice me.

Religion now is all their theme,
And Christ they did admire:
Religion too, be thou my theme,
And Christ my chief desire !

Friendship forgotten, or Poverty slighted.

CLARISSA now was past her Youth,
And careless was she drest:
It came into her Mind one day,
That she would be a Guest.

And visit now her absent Friends,
Whom long she had not seen;
And like a Stranger she became,
Drest in Apparel mean.

So

62 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

So unexpected did she come,
 'To where those Friends did live;
To see if then, as formerly,
 They'd entertainment give.

The Mistrefs of that House her knew,
 And met her at the Door;
And as she did so mean appear,
 They thought her very poor.

She's come unto the Parish, sure,
 The Master streight did say;
The Wife began to make excuse,—
 That Night she should not stay.

Oh! happy for Clarissa now,
 No Lodging was her care;
It's good to try a Friend sometimes,
 To see how we should fare.

Methinks

Methinks when Poverty does pinch,
A slight we harder take;
And if in Circumstance we bend,
Some Friends will with us break.

Oh! may we love the Friend of Friends,
Which is the Saviour kind!
The poorer we in Spirit are,
More Friendship in him, find.

Journey to a Farm-House.

I Join'd in Company one Day,
Within a useful Cart,
A Youth serene, his Temper mild,
A Maiden tall and smart.

Another Maid, tho' somewhat short,
No envy filled her breast,
Ne'er seem'd displeased, tho' every one
Her Sister more caress'd,

What

64 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

What tho' it rain'd, it matter'd not,
We did a Cover find;
So here I'll turn my Verse and Thoughts
According to my Mind.

My Saviour is a Hiding-place,
In Scripture this does stand;
The Shadow of a mighty Rock,
Tho' in in a weary Land.

We soon a River here did pass;
The Water was so clear,
We saw the Fish before us Swim,
Yet had no cause to fear.

The Youth had often past that way.
He was to us a Guide;
By Providence, and proper care,
We cross'd the other Side.

Why

Why should I not, then, here remark
That upon the left Hand
There does, and has for many Years,
I think, a Trembler stand.*

Which does no intermission know,
But trembles Night and Day ;
Yet none did any Pity shew
That ever pass'd that Way.

Belshazzar proud did tremble too,
His Knees together smote ;
When he a Hand saw on the Wall,
The Words are thus it wrote.

“ You weighed in the Balance are,
And wanting found to be ;”
Unto the Saviour may I look,
When this is said of me !

* An Aspen Tree.

I

But

66 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

But now we rode o'er Hills and Dales,
And so pass'd on our Way ;
'Till we came to a Farmer's House,—
Amongst the Woods it lay.

Just at the bottom of a Hill,
Yet on a rising Ground ;
Where from the Window you may view
The pleasant Country round.

And now I'll of the Farmer tell,
For we had Farmer's fare ;
Upon the Table, then, was set
Beef, Pudding, Bread, and Beer.

When at the Table we agreed,
Altho' the Grass was wet ;
That all should to the Garden go,
Their own Desert to get.

Where

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 67

Where Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots,
The Garden Wall did grace,
Health blooming in the Countenance,
Adds Pleasure to the Place.

Sure here it was that Freedom reign'd,
The Farmer was not wed;
And every one but me was Young,—
And I a hoary Head.

But yet I join'd in chearful chat,
Religion set us right :
This was the Farmer's fav'rite theme,
In which he did delight.

So then we had some useful talk,
His Servant got us Tea ;
Then all of us must needs go up,
The Chambers for to see.

68 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Where from the Windows we could view
The Meadows that were Green;
Here Oxen frequently did feed,
And Rivers glide between.

And here are Places still remain
Where Men oft walk in White, *
But sure it is in Yellow that †
They chiefly take delight.

Yet often these are heard to make
The tender Babe to cry ; §
The Father will not spare his Son,—
The Mother seldom by.

And with their Faces to the East,
Are Men laid down quite mute ;
That if you even tread on them,
They'll rise to no dispute.

* Clergy in their white Surplises.
§ Their Baptizing of Infants.

† Their love of Gold.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 69

But in the Scripture, thus it stands,
Upon a certain Day
The Moment that the Trumpet found,
They'll rise, and come away.

So will they rise to endless Joys,
Or everlasting Pain;
But stop,—this is an awful Thought,
I too must rise again.

I hope to be in Jesus found,
What can I wish for more?
For to the Body Christ will come,
Salvation to restore.

But as the Day-light disappear'd,
We all return'd again,
With Pleasure to this useful Cart,
And drove home in the Rain.

Seeing

Seeing Men Play at Coits.

ALL Nature seems to smile,
 Then why should I be sad?
 Because upon my Mind, just then,
 A mournful Thought I had,

I here the Meadows past,
 How sweetly smelt the Hay!
 A little further on my Path,
 Saw thoughtless Men at Play.

Ah! thoughtless sure they be,
 That thus their Time mispend;
 They all might find enough to do
 Their Souls care to attend.

This is our leisure Time,
 Perhaps some will reply:
 Know that you have no Time to spare,
 Go then, and learn to die.

Our

THE FEMALES MEDITATIONS. 71

Our precious Lord did work,
And read and often pray;
But surely you will never find
He spent his Time in Play.

Then come to him and learn;
He will good Counsel give,
And teach you safely how to die,
And rightly how to live.

A Young Lady's desiring a Verse on her favorite Cat.

YOUR Muse, pray, on Miss Puffy turn,
Write of her handsome Face;
But Cats I don't admire so,
They're well in proper place.

Their Place, I think, is to catch Mice;
And when they that have done,
How they those little Creatures tease,
Play, Gripe, and let them run.

Will

72 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Will not it grieve the tender Mind,
To see a poor Mouse smart?
Oh! never let your Lover thus
Play with your youthful Heart.

For like to Cats that watch for Mice,
Men watch t' ensnare the Heart;
Like Cats they too will Maidens tease,
And Triumph in their Smart.

You do not love religious Books,
So here my leave I'll take;
And wish that God, thro' Christ his Son
Your very Heart *might break*.

Oh! do not think I cruel am,
And so my wish despise;
A broken Heart the Lord does love—
A pleasing Sacrifice.

Walking

Walking in the Country, not knowing the Way.

I Set out in an unknown Walk,
A Zany led the Way ;
He walk'd so fast, I was fatigued—
'Twas a hot Summer's Day.

Not so when my dear Saviour leads,—
The Sun does on me smile ;
No evil hurts me all the Day,
He guards me all the Night.

Well, Zany's at his Journey's end,
And here we parted be :—
Not far from this I had a Friend,
Whom I did go to see.

So quite fatigued I sat me down,
'Till I grew cool again ;
And little from my Tongue was heard,
Unless t'was to complain.

K

So

74 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

So when in follies Paths we stray,
If Wisdom does us find ;
All is but Vanity we say,
Vexation of the Mind.

That Friend was glad my Face to see,
The Time pass'd swift away ;
I do remember parting when
She thus to me did say.

If you do up to London go,
No more I shall you see :
Perhaps she 'Thought the Small Pox would
Be fatal unto me.

In this I trusted to my God,
He did not me confound ;
Thus he his Promise did make good,
As in his Word 'tis found.

The

The Small-Pox quickly gave he me,
So gentle and so kind;
I wanted then a thankful Heart,
I'd not a grateful Mind.

My Friend and I met here again,
Our Friendship to renew;
But now the Time was hast'ning on;
Again we bid adieu.

So then the Night was coming on,
I gently walked my Way;
Here grew a Wood that some did fear,
Upon the left it lay.

No harm by Nature is in Woods,
There Songster's too delight;
But yet we hear that Thieves sometimes
Will harbour there by Night.

76 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

But they are worse than Thieves by far
Who steal the Virgin's Heart;
And hate them for the Love they bear,
And sport but with their Smart.

The heat of Day was over now,
The Evening all serene;
Why sure methinks, 'tis Harvest Time,
Yes there the Shocks are seen.

Thus may I too be all serene,
In Christ my Lord be found;
When that the Husbandman call'd Death,
Is sent to cut me down.

On a Man's beating his Wife.

ONE Night I was awak'd from Sleep,
By many People's Screams;
I thought that I should quickly see
Some neighb'ring House in Flames,

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 77

But t'was the flame of Anger burnt
A man did beat his Wife;
So did she for Assistance call,
Lest he should take her Life.

I wonder Men can be such Brutes
Their Anger to fullfil;
You Wives, how dare you disobey
Your lordly Sovereign's Will.

Ye Maidens do you think of this,
When in your Lover's Arms?
And they do for your Favor sue,
And gaze upon your Charms.

You'll think 'tis very hard if thus,
You soon should be carefs'd;
Ye Men, how can you turn so vile,
That have great Love profess'd?

In

78 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

In Marriage you do take a Wife
For better or for worfe;
Why do you turn your Bleffing then,
So oft into a Curse?

When one does fall, the other is
To give a helping Hand;
Why do you push your Partner down,
That you alone may ftand?

A Woman fhould be kindly led,
When fhe becomes a Wife;
Or, fure it muft be better far
To lead a fingle Life.

Yet Marriage is not to be blam'd,
For all the Fools we fee;
I know that there are Men of Senfe,
And that good Hufbands be.

Our

Our Saviour honoured that State,
His presence was divine,
Which he confirm'd at Galilee,
By making Water Wine.

And he is to his Spouse the Church
Like to a Husband kind;
This sure must be a pleasing Thought
If we this Union find.

A long and lonely Walk.

I Took a long, but rural Walk,
'Twas on a Summer's Day;
No Company on the Roads amus'd,
How lonely was the way!

So being in a penfive Mood,
I cast my Eyes around;
And there I saw the Plough had been,
For new broke was the Ground.

80 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

So then to seize the harmless Worms,
Was lighted Birds of Prey;
Are not these like those Libertines
That Innocence betray?

From underneath a Parent's Eye
Maids like these Worms appear;
Base Men are like those Birds of Prey,
That would their Minds ensnare.

The refuge is, for harmless Worms,
To disappear from sight:
Ye Virgins, the like Caution take,
When Sinners do invite.

Oh! do you fly from those base Men,
Great Vanity they'll raise;
And strive always to injure you,
Tho' they your Virtues praise,

But

THE FEMALES MEDITATIONS. 81

But then my Walk I did pursue,
How pleasant and serene
The Field with plenty did abound,
The Hedges, cloath'd in Green.

The Corn for us does live and grow;
But hath no power to think,
No Hand to work, no Feet to walk,
Yet is refresh'd by drink.

The Clouds, great God, at thy Command
The thirsty Field supply;
Convey the Water of the deep
Upon the Wind they fly.

How wond'rous are thy Works, O God!
Creation's curious Plan,
Trace the uttermost bounds thereof,
No Mortal ever can.

L

But

82 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

But what new Wonder will appear,
When I immortal be;
The Restitution of all Things,
With Joy and Wonder see?

But then the Sun was going down,
How beautiful is that Sky!
So may my Sun of Life go down,
My Saviour be thou nigh.

Oh! may I sweetly Smile in Death,
By Faith behold thy Face;
My Spirit to thy Hand commit,
And sing of Sov'reign Grace.

But then t'was getting dark apace,
My Walk was at an end;
Happy for me that here I found
So kind, so good a Friend!

Her

Her Youthful Son came to me soon,
 And call'd his Mother dear;
 She did rejoice my Face to see,—
 That Night I rested there.

So when my walk of Life is o'er,
 My Saviour welcome me
 Into the Mansions thou'st prepar'd,
 Thy lovely face to see!

On profane Swearing.

HOW many Words wrong are unthinkingly spoke?
 Sometimes in Anger, and sometimes in Joke.
 For e'ery Word idle on Earth we do say,
 Account must be giv'n in the Judgment Day.

So many unthinking take God's Name in vain;
 He'll not hold him Guiltless,—that Scripture is plain:
 At Broomfield I dwelt, rode to Chelmsford one Day:
 Put my Horse in an Inn, then walk'd a short way.

84 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Returning, the Ostler in Stable did Swear;
I ask'd if my Horse had offended him there:
Or if he thought Horses could ever damn'd be?
He answer'd, No, swearing's a custom to me.

For oft times I know not what 'tis I do say;
And can Man in his Senses such Folly display?
A Waggoner once beating a Horse, and did Swear;
He little, sure, thought his Death was so near.

A Kick from an old Horse depriv'd him of breath,
With an Oath on his Tongue: What a terrible death.
Thus Drunkards and Robbers, and Murd'ers, we
find,
And all the base Rubbish likewise of Mankind.—

Swear like to this Ostler they know not for why,
Or else like this Waggoner, tho' not like him die:
And shall Men of learning, that Grammar well know
So point out our errors, and faults quickly show.

Disgrace

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 85

Disgrace thus their learning, and spoil their good
Sense?

Read o'er the Scripture, then make your defence.

The Scriptures old fashioned why should we them
read?

They may suit the unlearned, and School Boys
indeed.

But Paul was well learned, and made his defence

Before King Agrippa; and spoke in good Sense.

Ah! Poet, your reason we plainly can see;

For swearers, says Scripture, condemned shall be.

But why does His Grace, with a Star on his
Breast,

Swear like to this Rabble and make himself less.

Nay worse than an Ass, with his Noise and his Bray;

Which hurts Horses ears, that they run fast away.

Why

86 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Why Swear at your Servants, to put them in
fears!

I wish, like to Horses, they had but nice Ears.

And when, like an Ass, you at them do bray,

Like Horses they start, and run fast away.

Away from your presence 'till reason back came;

Why fure for this conduct you could not them
blame:

Your Swearing wont hurt them you know, Sir,
at all,

If they learn not your practice, on you will Sin fall.

Yes, fall with such weight, as will crush you to
Hell;

These are great truths which the Scriptures all tell.

But Peter did Curse, and I read he did Swear;

And if he's in Heaven, why may'nt I go there?

But

But Peter was griev'd, and he bitterly cry'd;
A look from his Lord, whom he had deny'd;
So soften'd his Heart, when the Cock 'gan to crow;
Thus Peter was cur'd of Swearing we know.

A look from the Saviour can soften your Heart;
And you from your Swearing will quickly depart,
Like Peter be griev'd, and like him you will cry,
And love the dear Saviour who for Sinners did die.

If thus you should love him and think him your
Friend,
You'll then sure be careful ne'er God to offend;
If in the blest Mansions e'er long you appear;
You'll praise the dear Saviour, and never more Swear!

To Mrs. W., on the Death of her Husband.

THE Day invited me to Walk,
Prudence, at Home to stay,
God's Providence call'd me to Work;—
His Word, to watch and pray.

88 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

I call'd to Mind a pleasant walk,
And those I there did see;
And since those Friends are absent now,
T'would be no Joy to me.

Here Sally did with Tommy walk,
Young Jenny was with me;
We cast our Eyes on Welling's Farm,
And Primrose-Hill would see.

I do remember on our way
We through a Field did pass,
Where quantities of Grass-Hoppers
Were jumping in the Grass.

Here Sally much affrighted was,
And often out did cry;
But Tommy led her safely thro',—
On him she did rely.

We

We soon ascended Primrose-Hill,
And did those Buildings view,
Which sure have stood in ancient times;
And many that were new.

Did Moses View the promis'd Land,
But never enter'd there?
But we were going to return;
Our Dwelling it was near.

Here Sally on her Spouse did lean,
And view'd the Landskip o'er,
But all her Joys are turn'd to pain,
Because he's now no more.

No more? Oh! yes, he lives above:
Remember, he did say,
In Heaven I shall then rejoice,
When here a Corpse I lay.

M

Does

90 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Does he rejoice in Jesus, then ?

Behold, he lives anew,
And would not quit his Saviour's Arms,
No, Sally, not for you.

Oh! bow your Head in silence, then,
Say, Lord, thy Will be done,
Turn all your Love and Care, I pray,
From Father unto Son.

Does not he need your utmost Care,
To cultivate his Mind ?
This opening Flower beautify,
That you may comfort find.

Reflections on Walking in a Gentleman's-Park.

MY Thoughts turn on that Park so Green,
Where I have seen the Deer;
And on the right, I think, there runs
A River that is clear.

Upon

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 91

Upon it's Stream Corn Mills are built,
That make the Millers glad ;
But if it e're should stop its course,
The Poor might then be sad.

For why? the Millers, we do know,
So fast they could not grind ;
Would not the Poor be wanting Bread,
Where could they Flour find ?

But I read of a Gospel Stream,
That gently once did flow,
A Fountain now it is become,
It's depths we do not know.

If ever this should stop it's course,
How some must hang their Head !
Most Christians then would mournful grow,
Yea, pray and beg for Bread.

92 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

My Thoughts turn'd on that Building now,
It's very large I find;
The Owner has a vast Estate,
But sure a narrow Mind.

He has a Son that is in want,
To France he fled away;
His Father is a Miser, sure,
His Debts he will not pay.

How much this Father unlike him,
Who did embrace his Son,
Altho' he wasted had his wealth,
And saw he was undone?

But this is worthy of a God
Unto his Children dear;
Happy for me, he is not like
Unto this Father here.

For

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 93

For I too ruin'd was by Sin,
And nothing had to pay;
But he who brought me to his House
Invites me there to stay.

Yea, he has clad me all in White,
With Rings adorn'd my Hand;
This is the Robe the Saviour gave,
It is in him I stand.

On Love, Moral and Divine.

LOVE is the noblest Principle
That e'er possess the Mind;
But, Oh, what loads of Counterfeits!
Tho' some we gen'ine find.

Thus Lust oft times does go for Love,
How hath it stole the Name!
We know it is a fiend of Hell,
But Love from Heaven came.

Thus

94 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Thus forded Av'rice often tries
To pass with us for Love,
'Tis like the cunning Fox, I think,
That would assume the Dove.

How is it that a Christian e'er
Can to this Idol bow
In Marriage, and forget the Heart?
Do such perform their Vow?

Yes, Love it is the Union too
Of Marriage that's divine:
If Jesus had not lov'd my Soul,
He'd been no Spouse of mine.

I also know my God is Love,
And sent his Son to die;
The Saviour, who himself is Love,
Does Sinners justify.

The

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 95

The Holy Spirit too is Love,
And thus he acts his part,
Convinces Sinners of their Sins,
And draws the finner's Heart.

For to accept the Saviour dear,
And thus they do unite;
The Father, Son, and Spirit three,
To Sinners give delight.

Oh! may my Love then here increase,
'Till rais'd to Joys above!
Then sing to all eternity
The Wonders of this Love.

On Widows.

SOME Widows there are,
That are Widows indeed;
And others put Grief off
Before Widow's weed.

But

96 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

But Widows there are
Who their Husband so love,
They mourn like a Turtle,
Complain like a Dove.

Yea Widows there are
That will ne'er quit that state ;
They mourn like a Turtle,
For their lovely Mate.

A Turtle's compar'd
To the Gospel we read ;
Come here then, ye Widows
If Widows indeed.

Your Maker's a Husband
The Lord of Host he ;
If you love but his Son,
Your Spouse he will be.

The

The Farmer's Wedding.

THE verdant Grass I travers'd o're,
Admir'd the green Trees,
And then I saw the rip'ning Corn
A waveing with the breeze.

Oh! that the North Wind would awake,
Thou South come forth and blow
Upon the Garden of my Soul,
That Spices forth may flow.

Unto a Cottage I did go,
Near to the verdant Grass,
I there beheld a lovely Swain
With Water in a Glass.

He did present it to a Maid,
Where his best wishes lay;
No Tavern here was to be found,
So lonely was the Way.

N

In

98 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

In graceful ringlets waved his Hair,
'Twas Nature without art;
He bow'd polite, his drefs was neat,
I thought the Youth was smart.

Sure fresher than the new blown rose,
Was then her lovely Cheek;
No Pride appear'd in all her mein,
She did with freedom speak.

A Bride and Bridegroom too were there,
They could no better fare,
For all the Cottage could provide
Was Bread, Cheefe, Water, Beer.

The Bride appeared somewhat pale,
Had sorrow fill'd her Heart?
Because, methinks, his Friends for Gold,
Had strove to make them part.

But

But not for Gold, nor yet for Friends
He'd turn his Love away;
So now it was they married were,
This was their Wedding Day.

But Jesus treats his Spouse the Church,
With rich and choicest Wine;
Here's Water pure to wash her with,
And Bread that is divine.

And tho' she was both poor and vile,
He has enrich'd her so;
No Bride on Earth is half so rich,
Her worth she does not know.

The Fond Mother.

WELL shall I of young Tommy write?

What of him must I say?

The Child is wise, the Mother's pleas'd,
As well enough she may.

100 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATION.

His Actions captivate her Eyes,
And every Word her Heart
Only when he naughty is,
And then she takes his part.

Yet she corrects him for a Fault,
That he may wiser grow ;
Thus Mothers to their Children dear
Their Love and Prudence show.

Yet Tommy's Mother do'nt forget
Great Kindness to her Child ;
He asks her Pardon for a Fault,
She looks on him and smil'd.

Thus Mothers do their Children love
Because they did them bear ;
To them the Lord of Life thought fit
Himself for to compare.

His

His Children's Names are on his Hands,
Their Wants before him set;
He does correct them for their faults,
Yet don't his Love forget.

On Sleeping under Sermons, when preached with Notes.

NOW for a Nap or two,
I think it so may be;
Look here, for Sir has brought you what
You do not love to see.

A Prelate with his Notes,
So you your Eyes will shut;
And sure 'tis thus with Sleep oft-times
You do yourself forget.

Well let him bear the blame,
If you excus'd must be;
Because you work from Morning Light,
As long as you can see.

But

But pray, why so much care
 For Meat that perish shall?
 Less careful for the Bread of Life,
 Say, is the Body all?

The Soul is sure the noblest part,
 And needs our utmost Care;
 We'er not our own, bought with a Price
 We cost the Saviour dear.

This better part did Mary chuse,
 While Martha full of Care;
 The rich Man in the Gospel too,
 His Riches were his Snare.

And now my Freedom pray excuse,
 You may say with a sneer,
 And have you never sleepy been?
 Pray of yourself beware.

Yes,

Yes, I do own it, to my shame,
Sleep has o'er power'd me;
But this is grievous sure to bear,
And hateful for to see.

The Miser and Spendthrift.

TO me as much pleasure
These Poems consign
As finds that old Miser
In hoarding his Coin.

For Money's not good, Sir,
But as it is spent;
Be careful to use, then,
The Talent that's lent.

In feeding the Hung'ry,
And cloathing the Poor;
Hush, Poet, cries Spendthrift,
Adone, say no more.

For

For if once I do come
 To my old Dady's Bags,
 I'll keep my fine Ladies,
 Race Horfes and Nags.

I'll lay too great Bets,
 When my Horfes do race;
 When Money is wanting,
 I'll try for a Place.

A Place in the Cabinet,
 Of Counfel fo fine;
 So I'll handle their Money,
 And take it for mine,

A Parliament Man
 Then I'll strive for to be;
 And fo then from Bailiffs,
 And Goals I'm fet free.

So

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 105

So I'll live fine and gay,
And spend Gold as before ;
Make my Servants feed Dogs,
And let God feed the Poor.

God does feed the Poor, Sir ;
But be not so bold,
And I'll tell you a Truth,
That the Saviour once told.

A rich Man there was,
Who was cloath'd fine and gay ;
And far'd too, sumptuously,
We find, every Day:

A poor Man was laid
At his Gate, and not well ;
Defiring the Crumbs
From his Table that fell.

O

The

The Dogs came and licked
 His Sores too, we find,
 They shew'd more compafs'on
 Than their Master unkind.

This poor Man he dyed,
 Was to Heaven convey'd;
 Where in Abraham's Bosom
 He safely was laid.

This rich Man too dyed;
 But, how awful to tell!
 He lift up his Eyes
 In the 'Torments of Hell.

It was then for Water
 To Abraham he cry'd;
 To quench his hot Tongue,
 But his Suit was deny'd.

Then

Then seek for true Riches,
Which Jesus does give ;
Do good to the Poor,
By Faith on Christ live.

A Lady to the Author.

DEAR Madam, hear my humble suit,
Nor let me sue in vain ;
Grant me this my first request
And I'll not ask again,

Be not displeas'd your Brain to tease,
To make up me a Rhyme ;
That you're unable, an't a plea,
Nor that you have not Time.

It is, you cannot find a Theme—
To that I will agree ;
But write some Lines, and let them be
Address'd alone to me.

108 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATION.

If so, I shall throughout my Life
Your Counsels ever prize;
With Joy shall read th' advice you give,
Nor your Reproofs despise.

My vanity you, sure, will blame,
When this to you I hint;
That I should like to see the Verse
You write to me in Print.

If you with this will favour me,
It will one wish supply;
The obligation I shall own,—
I think you won't deny.

The Author's Answer to the foregoing.

MISS Mary, you are young and gay,
Now in the bloom of Life;
I beg that you will cautious be,
How you become a Wife.

The

The Marriage Ceremony read,
And mind it well, I pray;
Ne'er give your Hand, unless you mean
To honour and obey.

And if you love a Man of Sense,
Who strives to guide you right;
No hardship 'tis to honour him,—
Obey him with delight.

The flatterer then for ever shun
Howe'er his Person shin'd;
His Tales of Love, Oh! never hear,
He Poison would your Mind.

Nay, would he take you for his Wife,
Sad Knowledge must you gain;
It is beneath a Man of Sense
To make a Woman vain.

And

110 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS

And now would you have my Advice,
Then mark well what I say;
Do read your Bible often o'er,
Your Parent's both obey.

Happy you'll be, then, dearest Maid,
They good Advice will give;
Teach you to love and serve your God,
By Faith on Christ to live.

And if you live by Faith in Christ,
He'll guide you safe thro' Life;
If that you single do remain,
Or do become a Wife.

You wish to have these Lines in print,
Then here you may them see;
And now be you more anxious, pray,
Your Name in Heaven may be.

Yea,

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. III

Yea, written in the Book of Life,
There ever to remain;
And if you have a wish like this,
It's neither mean, nor vain.

On Sylvia and Abigail.

WHEN Sylvia was youthful,
And all in her prime,
Then Guineas were plenty,
How joyful the Time!

No Friends then were wanting,
To spend the long Day;
When to her restor'd
The grave and the gay.

But Money takes Wings,
And her's soon flew away;
And Sylvia in Sickneſs
Upon the Floor lay.

Her

112 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Her Guineas are gone,
And her Friends are all fled;
So Sylvia may lay on
The Floor 'till she's dead.

All hurry'd in Buſineſs,
Excuses can make;
And ſurely ſelf Love
Much Time up will take.

But Abigail now
To her aid did appear,
Who newly had met
With the ſame kind of fare.

God bleſs'd her endeavours,
And Sylvia got well;
And then ſhe of Abigail's
Kindneſs did tell.

Obſerve

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 113

Observe this, ye Christians,
The Saviour does say,
To visit the Sick,
When in Prison they lay.

Christ says it's as kind
As if done unto he ;
If you visit no Sick, then
To blame you must be.

All ye that have Gold,
And are blooming in Youth ;
Know, the Story I've told you
Of Sylvia's a Truth.

Then seek for those Riches
That durable be ;
They'll not fly away,
Like the Gold that you see.

114 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

On seeing a Gentleman carry'd in a Sedan-Chair.

SIR, is it right that Man in Health
Should by Men carry'd be?

But this a sight in London is
Quite common for to see.

Does Gold so cramp your Feet, I pray,
You have no pow'r to go?

Or, is it Pride that blinds your Eyes,
Your Path you do not know?

Oh! exercise is good for Health,

If you advice will take;

Arise, Sir, feel your Feet and walk,

Of Men ne'er Horses make.

But who are these that Man, (tho' God,)

Does in his Bosom bear;

They are the weaklings of his Flock,

His Lambs he carries there.

And

And so it is they nourish'd are,
When they have strength to go;
He sweetly bids them follow him,
His Voice they well do know.

And thus 'tis boldly they march on,
And in his strength rejoice;
So when he sees them weak or faint,
He cheers them with his Voice.

No, never did fine Music e'er
So much the Ear delight;
Not all the Objects here on Earth
Ever so charm'd the sight.

He never does his People leave,
But all their Wants does bear;
Upon his Heart and Hands we read,
Each Name's engraven there.

116 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATION.

My Lady too is delicate,
And so must carried be ;
Her Footmen walk before with Lights,
How grand a sight to see !

If thus she unto Church does go,
Upon the Sabbath Eve ;
And prays that all her Servants there
A blessing may receive.

But if she unto Routs will go,
Her Grandeur to display ;
There must the Servants too attend,
And break the Sabbath Day.

To God she must a reck'ning make
For all her Servants there ;
Oh ! read God's just command's, I pray
And tremble then, and fear.

Oh !

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 117

Oh! may that Lady fear, tho' grand,
Think that she's made of Clay;—
And when pale Death shall call for her,
Those Honors fly away!

No Honor then, if she's not found
In the Redeemer dear;
For no distinction e'er is made
'Twixt King, and Beggar there.

All must be sav'd in Christ alone,
That ever Pardon have;
And thus for King and Beggar he
His Life a Ransom gave.

Walking by the Lock-Hospital.

I Turn'd, and on that Building look'd,
Where most are sick with Sin;
Why surely 'tis a horrid state,
That such are living in.

Disceas'd

118 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Discas'd in Body here they come,
Diforder'd too in Mind;
But here is a *Bethesda* free
May all a Cure find!

A Cure for their sick Bodies now,
Perhaps there's none that fear;
And for the cure of the sick Soul,
But very few will care.

But all may fit beneath the fount,
And offers of free grace;
And so account to God must give,
What they hear in this place.

Their Bodies must submissive be
Unto the Surgeon's Will;
Or it is to them of no use
That PIERSON has got skill.*

* Mr. PEARSON Surgeon of the Lock-Hospital.

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 119

The Clergy too, indeed I know,
They all in vain will preach,
Unless these Souls are willing brought
God's Spirit should them teach.

And if that they are taught of him,
They will to Jesus fly;
And get a cure for their sick Souls
In Sin no longer lie.

I surely do hate sin;
Shall I hate all Mankind,
Because I fear a virtuous Man
Is very hard to find?

For Men are grown so lewd,
And Women are so weak;
It's hard to find the prudent now,
If we the prudent seek.

Their

The Faults I would not see,
 Unless those Faults appear;
 It's best for to have candour sure
 And censure not severe.

Whoremongers, God does say,
 Shall by him judged be;
 I'll leave that Judgment then to him
 He better knows than me.

He shews he hates this sin,
 His Anger will not stay
 For punishment, 'till after death,
 Disease does on them prey.

And will they not then leave their sins,
 Tho' thus they for it smart?
 Oh! 'tis the Lord alone that can
 E'er change the finner's heart.

And

And if the Heart thus changed be,
Christ's Virtue can restore ;
He bids such lewd ones go in peace,
That they may sin no more.

On Seeing a Friend inebriated.

MY Eyes they did affect my Heart,
What of this shall I say,
My Friend of whom I highly thought
So dead in Liquor lay.

His artless Children on him play'd,
He did no notice take.
So dead in Sleep and Liquor sure
That nothing could him wake.

Parents before your Off-spring ne'er
Such bad examples set,
But train them up in Wisdom's ways,
Lest they her Laws forget.

Q

Most

122 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Most ask a blessing on their Food,

I wish that all would think,

On Liquor ask a blessing first,

Before they dare to drink.

Of Drink should all them cautious be

That bear a Christians name,

Oh! do not Crucify the Lord,

And put him oft to shame.

Why say "your health" unto your Friends,

And yet so thoughtless be,

To injure Soul and Body both,

By drinking oft too free.

May Drunkards consciences awake,

This Crime to know and feel,

Willing and humble may they fly

To christ their Souls to heal.

On

*On hearing the Rev. Mr. B—— preach his first two
Sermons at Swallow-Street-Meeting.*

THE other Night, t'was in a sacred Place,
A lovely Youth did sweetly talk of Grace;
With wonder and delight I set to hear
Of Sovereign Love, he spoke so fine and clear.

He preach'd and pray'd with fervency and zeal,
And as he spoke, did seem each Word to feel;
Again he comes, again my Soul is fed,
With sacred Food, Oh! sure t'was heavenly Bread!

But why such raptures with thy Servant, Lord!
'Tis only thou sweet comforts can afford;
I'll leave the stream and to the Fountain fly,
Rest on thy Love, and in thy Bosom lie.

On the 38 and 39 Verses of the 8th Chapter of Romans.

UNTO God's House I often went,
 A blessing have receiv'd ;
 But Oh ! how chang'd, how sad am I !
 I sat me down and griev'd.

But Oh ! these Words, the charming Words,
 Sweeter than Honey are ;
 Not the worth of India's Wealth
 With them can e'er compare.

'Tis not the Riches of Peru
 Their worth can ever buy ;
 Far brighter to my Soul are these
 Then Diamonds to my eye.

Not Bread to those that are in want,
 More nourishment can give ;
 Oh ! sure I eat these Words by Faith,
 And on the Promise live.

Not

Not Water to the thirsty Soul

Can more refreshing be ;

Then have these Words, these charming Words,
Of late oft been to me.

There's nothing now that present is,

Or ever yet shall be ;

Nor height nor depth shall separate
The love of Christ from me.

Ev'n Death shall never part us, no,

But greater Joys shall give ;

I in his presence shall rejoice,
And ever with him live.

On being in Trouble.

SO mournful are my Thoughts,
How shall I vent my Grief?

Oh! were I in some lonely Grove,
Would that afford relief?

If

126 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

If I to Mortals speak;
Small Pity shall I find;
It often aggravates the Grief;
When we disclose the Mind.

My God knows all my Grief,
He knows my hopes and fear,
He only gives relief,
He's always present, ever near.

He does not willingly afflict
The Sons of Men, to grieve;
And surely then the humble Soul
He timely will relieve.

But why my Thoughts so sad,
Since my Redeemer lives?
And all that's ever good for me
So readily he gives?

And

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 127

And what then, is not good for me
I freely may resign;
Come, dearest Lord, Oh! take and keep
This treach'rous heart of mine.

That I may meditate
The wonders of thy Love,
Oh! take my Heart from things below,
Fix it on Joys above.

Oh! what a wonder of God's Love,
That sent his Son to die!
My Saviour freely gave his Life,
Justice to satisfy.

Then why do I complain,
This World is not my rest;
Heaven's Joys no interruption know,
In Jesus I am blest.

On

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Heaven's Joys no interruption know,
In Jesus I am blest.

On

On a Visit to a Friend in the Country.

I Found a calm retreat
 From Hurry, Noise, and Strife;
 How peaceful, and how sweet!
 Here are the Joys of life.

And have I peace in Christ, my Lord?
 That sweetens every good,
 And comforts me in Trouble too,
 When rightly understood.

I here beheld the rustic Swains,
 Among the new mown Grass;
 And Female's that assist them there,
 The Road where Trav'lers pass.

Like Showers on the new mown Grass,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, descend;
 'To guide me in the Road of Life,
 My Foot steps, pray attend.

'Tis

'Tis here that Colly brings us Milk,
The Family to supply ;
And here those winged Birds I see,
That do with freedom fly.

Oh ! may I read God's sacred Word,
And drink that Milk sincere ;
I wish to fly with Faith and Love
To God my Saviour dear.

I here the ripening Cherry view,
And pluck it from the Tree ;
They sure have a delicious taste,
May-Dukes, methinks, they be.

And I read of a Tree divine,
Which Twelve choice Fruits does yield ;
Likewise the Leaves have Sov'reign balm,
They do the Nations heal.

R

My

130 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

My Soul, and hast thou found this Cure,
When thou wast sick of sin?
It's owing to that Sov'reign Balm,
The Health that thou art in.

I from the Garden pluck'd the Rose,
My Bosom was it's place,
While I behold these Maiden's fair,
With Roses in each Face.

Sickness or Death may quickly come,
And take their Bloom away;
May they the Rose of Sharon love!
It's Beauties ne'er decay.

I here the Hen and Chickens view'd,
'The Fish in River play;
I saw the Angler cast his bait,
To take their Lives away.

Industrious

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 131

Industrious like the Hen I'd be,
Yet on God cast my care;
Oh! give me Eyes to see the Hook,
When Satan would ensnare!

'Tis here the Millwright does prepare,
The Mill the Corn to grind;
And here the Miller boults his Meal
And does white Flour find.

But whiter than the finest Flour
Is Jesus' Righteousness;
Oh! may I eat that Bread divine,
And wear that heavenly dress!

And now adieu, my dearest Friends,
I can no longer stay;
For Time, that changes all things here
Now calls me hence away.

Walking by a River Side.

AS Walking by a River-Side,
 The New-cut Grass smelt sweet;
 But Oh! it lay thick in my Path,
 Entangled oft my Feet.

Thus when in Pleasure vain we walk,
 And think sweet Joys to find;
 They're worse than Grass thrown in our Path,
 Because they hurt the Mind.

Then quitted I the River Side,
 Some Fields I had to pass;
 Well, in the Shade I did recline,
 To rest me on the Grass.

But this sure was no place for stay,
 My Walk I must pursue;
 Bewilder'd soon I lost my Way,
 No path there was to view.

'Twas

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 133

'Twas in a Field,
That Wheat did yield,
A Female saw me lost;
I heard her cry,
Then did her spy,
She did me then accost.

She did me know,
My way did shew,
And quickly set me right;
Happy for me
She did me see,
Before the dark of Night.

So when in Pleasure vain we stray,
If Jesus does us find,
And sets us right,
Oh! what delight!
He lovely is and kind.

He

134 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

He is the Way
To endless Day,
And Joys that are divine;
I know no bliss;
No Joys like this,
To know this guide is mine.

*A vain Young Man, who is much pleas'd at being
thought a Rake.*

THIS Youth has often view'd his Face,
I think we here do find;
And is it so, Sir, then, that thus
Neglected is your Mind?

For-that deform'd it surely is,
A blackness too I see;
Or you would ne'er be pleas'd when that
A Rake you're thought to be.

But

But Oh ! methinks that Fiend in black
So blinded has your Eyes,
Thus has he made a Fool of you,
You fancy still you're wife.

Oh ! do not think that I am harsh,
Because these truths I tell ;
The Harlot will lead Souls to Death,
Her House goes strait to Hell.

Oh ! could you now but see aright,
You'd quick from her depart ;
Before a fatal Arrow comes,
And strikes Death to your Heart.

An honour 'tis of Britain's Sons,
To think that they are free ;
But they who're held in Chains by Lust,
The worst of Slaves must be.

And

136 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

And what still makes the Bondage worfe,
So fond they're of the Chain,
That to break off these Fetters strong,
All Friendship's render'd vain.

Unless the Friend of Sinner's comes
Who rubs off Satan's rust;
And if he comes unto their aid,
These Chains afunder burft.

He will fo cleanse their Hearts and Lives,
Such beauty will appear,
That those who love the King of Kings,
Will know he has been there.

Oh! how his people will rejoice,
When they the change do see;
And fay the Saviour has been there,
And fet the Captives free!

To Belisa, on hearing her take God's Name in vain.

SORRY was I of late to hear
You take God's Name in vain;
And thus you're guilty in his fight,
'Till pardon you obtain.

You're not so gay, nor yet too young,
But Death may you arrest;
What will you do, if guilty found,
And have your Soul undrest?

Will not you say this is
A Miftery unto me?
Look in God's Word, and may
His Spirit make you see!

Christ liv'd a life of Righteousness
'That all his Saints should wear;
Sinners forgiven thro' his Death,
Shall in this Robe appear.

S

His

138 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

His Favour seek without delay;

Repent, he can forgive—

For truest Happiness have they

Who on his Promise live.

Dont think, if Jesus takes your Heart,

T'will break your Happiness;

Who could be happier than Saint John?

He lay upon his Breast.

And now forgive, me, my dear Girl,

We ne'er may meet again;

Oh! may you learn to rev'rence God,

Ne'er take his Name in vain.

On the Tenth Chapter of St. John's Gospel.

I Am the good Shepherd,

The Saviour does say;

And not like the Hireling,

That fleeth away.

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 139

I am the good Shepherd,
And do love my Sheep;
The Lambs in my Bosom
I safely do keep.

I am the good Shepherd,
My Sheep do rejoice;
No Stranger they'll follow,
So known is my Voice.

I am the good Shepherd,
And die for my Sheep;
My Father he loves me,
I do them safe keep.

Christ is our good shepherd,
His Praises we'll sing;
He is a kind Saviour,
Our God and our King.

140 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

*On the Balloon being steer'd by Eagles, which was to
have gone off from Ranelagh-Gardens.*

A Balloon I do hear
Is a going to fly,
Two Eagles to steer it
Aloft and so high.
But on Eagles Wings
The Lord he does bare
All his People that love him,
And serve him with fear.
His Arms are beneath them,
No danger is near,
No hazards like riding
Balloons in the Air.

On the Fifteenth Chapter of Saint John's Gospel.

I Am the true Vine,
And the Branches are ye;
And is this great honour
Conferr'd upon me?

Christ

Christ gives a command,
That we in him abide ;
Thus he honours the Soul
But ne'er fills it with pride.

Pride came from the Serpent
Into us at first,
'Twas Adam that fin'd
And the Ground was then curst.

That Briars and Thorns
It henceforth should bare,
It brought forth a Thorn, which
The Saviour did wear.

Did wear for his People,
That them he might dress
In that bright Apparel
Of his Righteousness.

Those

Those Branches, said Christ,

That no fruit will bear,

Are taken away

By the Husbandman's care;

And those that bear fruit,

Well purged must be;

Then why is each Draught

So unpleasant to me?

It's for my soul's good,

That more fruit I may bear,

But Nature shrinks back

At each pain that I fear.

But God knows full well

How the Soul will best thrive;

And gives the right Potion

To keep it alive.

From

From an Aunt to her Niece.

FORGIVE the freedom of an Aunt;
I was well pleas'd to see
You sit upon that very seat
Where God instructed me:

Oh! may you know those sacred truths,
Which did me satisfy!
Thus may you see your helpless state,
On Christ alone rely!

It's good to wait at Wisdom's Gates,
A blessing to receive;
Great peace have they that love God's Law,
And do in Christ believe.

He dy'd to set the guilty free,
And justify his Saints;
Thus we may come to God thro' Christ
With numberless complaints.

It's

144 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS

It's good to have a faithful Friend,
When we disclose our Mind;
But sure there is no Friend on Earth
Like to a Saviour kind.

And does he sympathize with us,
When him we tell our Grief?
He has an Arm of Sov'reign power,
And can give quick relief.

And now adieu, my dearest Niece,
We soon must parted be;
And when you read these Verses o'er
Oh! may you think of me!

The Female's Lamentation; or the Village in Mourning.

O N C E more I visited the place
Where first I drew my breath;
But Oh! what desolations made
By that grim Monster Death!

There

There hardly was a Building here,
But some kind friend was gone;
And former Joys are turn'd to pain,
When this is thought upon.

I went and view'd that empty House
Where my late Brother dwelt;
A Wife and Off-spring he has left,
Oh! the keen grief I felt!

And walking on, I cast a look
Upon that empty Hall;*
Those Friends that once liv'd there are dead,
'Tis all in vain to call.

And did I see that Mansion, where
His Honour † once did dwell?
Ye poor, that did receive his gifts,
'Tis vain your wants to tell.

* Bromfield-Hall, in Essex.

† The late Hon. EDWARD HATTON, Esq.

146 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

For now he slumbers in the dust,
 Regardless of your cry ;
Each empty Room bespeaks your loss,
 Those Gardens ruin'd lay.

Oh ! where is now that pleasure which
 Once sparkled in each Face ?
The Widow's Heart sure sung for Joy,
 How chearful was that place !

The Mother here her Garments shew'd,
 The Father told the Son ;
His Honour did their Schooling pay,
 What good his Spouse has done !

But now the Village seems to mourn,
 And that remark is just ;
Oh ! put no confidence in Man,
 Do not in Princes trust.

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 2147

I only had to cross the Green,
Where once my Parents liv'd;
The Owner of that Dwelling now
Did me refreshment give.

I in the Garden saw the Trees
My own dear Brother bought;
And tho' they live, yet he is dead,
How mournful was the thought!

Here is the Orchard, where I, with
My Sister oft did walk;
With pleasure we the Grass did tread,
Or, sit us down to talk.

'Twas all in vain to look around,
Alas! she was not there;
Oh! Death has hid her from my sight,
She does not charm my ear.

148 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS,

I went and view'd that Room once more,
Where my dear Parent lay ;
When Death with solemn tidings came
To take her Life away.

Here did I see her Jaw-bone fall,
And then her Eye-strings brake ;
And just before I thought she strove
These Words to me to speak.

" Oh, Hannah ! put your trust in God ;"
And could she then foresee
The train of Troubles that did come
Upon unhappy me.

What could a dying Mother say
More to a Daughter dear,
Than bid her put her trust in God,
A Friend that's ever near ?

Again

Again I was in that doleful Room,
Where thus to me 'twas said,
Your Father you'll alive not see,—
I cry'd What! is he dead?

As if in frenzy, scarce believ'd
What they to me did say;
But, Oh! indeed he dropt down dead,*
'Twas on a Market Day.

Why do I wound my heart afresh?
These Sorrows are too keen:
'Then stop, my Muse, and turn, my Thoughts,
Unto a pleasing theme.

For all that ever dy'd in Christ
Shall meet him in the Air;
So grand, so sweet, so fine a sight!
I hope I shall be there.

* The Author's Father dropt down Dead in Chelmsford-Market, Essex.

Oh!

150 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Oh! talk not of a Birth-day Night,
Nor Coronation Day;
Compar'd, they lose their Beauties all,
When Saints shall come away.

With Palms of Vict'ry in their Hands,
And Crowns upon each Head;
And loud Hosannas will proclaim,
His praise that once was dead.

Rejoice, ye Saints, he lives anew,
Your Judge is now your King;
Sweet Hallelujahs all will cry,
And endless Praises sing.

Seeing a fine Chariot.

SEE how that gilded Chariot rolls,
But what is that to me,
Since I'm by humble footsteps led
My dearest Lord to see?

To

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 115

To see God's reconciled Face,
No fight on earth so fine;
When I believe that I am his,
And my beloved mine.

And thus I pass'd along my Way,
And to God's House drew nigh;
A Friend here stopt with me to speak,
A trifle caught my Eye.

Soon as it seiz'd my wand'ring Eye,
It discompos'd my Mind;
Oh! surely this should humble me,
When I such weakness find.

But when I came into God's House,
What did the pearcher say?
'Tis good to set Christ crucify'd
Before our Face alway.

And

152 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

And then we should not lightly sin,
Nor from the Lord depart ;
'That I these truths may ne'er forget,
Lord write them on my Heart !

On leaving an Apartment.

FAREWELL, th' Apartment of my Tears,
I'll bid you now adieu ;
As I another home have got,
I've no more need of you.

Say, can you find another place,
Where Troubles will not come ?
No, that is what I ne'er expect,
'Till Heaven is my Home.

For Happiness is such a Plant,
So rarely to be found ;
Uninterrupted it ne'er grows
But on celestial Ground.

But

But Happiness is in that love
I to my Saviour bare ;
In Heaven I shall have large draughts
Of what I sip whilst here.

The Soul desirous of Spiritual Food.

O H! treat me not with Husks To-day,
My Soul wants better fare ;
Are not rich Cordials given oft
To such as fainting are.

And I am sick of Sin,
A grievous heavy load !
Oh ! wash me in my Saviour's blood,
And bring me near to God !

To a Sick Friend.

D E A R Girl your're growing very thin,
Your Roses too are fled ;

V

You

154 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

You say, you are low-spirited,
And Death you seem to dread.

Why do you dread this cruel foe,
He's only so through Sin;
Be careful to examine oft
The state your Soul is in.

Is it the terrors of the Law
Does on your Spirits prey?
I know you strictly was brought up
In a religious Way.

But as you did in Adam fall,
So must a Sinner be;
My dear, you must be born again,—
Look in God's Word, and see.

If you've experienc'd such a change,
You'll love the Saviour dear;
Thus happier you will be in death,
Than longer living here.

On lying late in Bed in the Morning.

My Soul, awake from this stupidity,
My Body arise to Action.

AWAKE, Clarissa, now awake,
Why do you sleeping lie?

I tell you, it is time to rise,
Hark! hear the Milk-man cry.

It is not that I am asleep,
Altho' I stupid seem;
What am I in delusion, then,
Or, does my fancy dream?

I know 'tis time that I was up,
To Business of the Day;
I'm angry with myself oft times
When I thus long do lay.

Awake, ye Sinners, now awake,
Ye that are dead in Sin;

156 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Christ promises to give those light,
That darkness now are in.

Awake, ye Sinners, now awake,
Tho' open but one Eye;
Why on a Bed of Sin and Sloth
Thus slumbering do you lie?

Awake, and hear the Gospel call,
It's a melodious sound;
Awake, and seize the Pearl divine,
No Prize like it is found.

Awake, the Rose of Sharon smells,
It's fragrances is fine;
Arise, and taste delicious Fruit,
For Jesus is a Vine.

Arise, and view the Morning Star,
How will it clear the fight!
No Gems, or Money can it buy,
Or sparkle half so bright.

And

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 157

And if God's Spirit does you wake,
To take a Gospel view;
You'll praise the Lord that chang'd your state
Your Joys will all be New.

Yea, a new Heart he'll give to you,
From which new Life will grow;
Such beauties you in Christ will see
Which none but him can show.

To a Friend, on her recovery from Sickness.

MY dear, the Lord hath spar'd your Life,
Tho' Death did seem so near;
When I a Journey with you went,
To take the Country Air.

That Air soon did restore your Health,
God did a blessing give;
I wish that you would think of this,
And to his honour live.

View

158 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

View every Action of your Life,

Consider well your Heart ;

Ask if the Saviour 's got the whole,

Or, hath the World a part?

He'll have no Rival in that Heart,

Which he takes for his own ;

I wish that you may think of this,

And love the Lord alone.

I know that you're in the prime of Life,

And Snares may you surround ;

There is no Guardian like the Lord,

May you in Christ be found.

For this will sweeten Life itself,

And so you'll happy be ;

If that you live to God thro' Christ,

And are from sin set free.

Impatience

Impatience soon calm'd.

ONE Day a Trial did appear,
Confusion flush'd my Face;
I wish'd to fly, I knew not where,
No more to see that place.

But duty did prevent my flight,
I fought the Lord with speed;
Who said, he'd undertake for me,
And so he did indeed.

Quickly my Mind was hush'd to peace,
Confusion was not seen;
Methinks, I, with attention sat,
Nay, spoke and heard serene.

On silence in Company.

I Do intend by silence now,
For to improve my Mind;
Take care to mark, what others say,
That I may Knowledge find.

For

For in the freedom of my Speech,
 Some have offended been;
 And in the multitude of Words,
 The wise Man said, is fin.

Praise to the Redeemer.

O H! had I but some lonely Bow'r,
 To spend a vacant, solemn Hour;
 That so my Heart and Muse might raise
 A Song to the Redeemer's Praise!

But what are all those shady Bow'rs,
 Or finest Gardens set with Flow'rs,
 If that the Heart's untun'd to raise
 A Song to the Redeemer's Praise.

This lonely Room will do as well;
 I can of Groves and Gardens tell,
 If that my Heart is tun'd to raise
 A Song to the Redeemer's Praise.

Thy

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 161

Thy Spirit, Lord, upon me send,
Oh! thine Assistance to me lend;
That so my Heart and Muse may raise
A Song to my Redeemer's Praise.

My Thoughts turn on Trees ever green,
In finest Gardens often seen;
The Gospel's green throughout the Year,
And grows by the Redeemer dear.

What Flower is finer than the Rose?
How fragrant is it to the Nose!
My Saviour is a Rose indeed,
And does the Damask Rose exceed.

How curious is the Passion Flower?
It's Branches flourish every hour;
What does this Flower signify?
The Name is Passion, Christ did die.

U

Yea,

Yea, die to make his People grow,
 And flourish in his Church below:
 All Praise, and Honour to him give,
 A Life of Faith upon him live.

He's call'd, I think, an Apple-tree;
 How sweet that Food and Shade to me;
 He calls himself likewise a Vine,
 Oh! what delicious Fruit, how fine!

He does among the Lilies feed,
 In spiced Gardens too, I read;
 The Spikenard sendeth forth a smell,
 Thus does his Church the World excell.

He's call'd a Fountain too, I think,
 Where all his People wash and drink;
 A stream that's ever running free,
 This does refresh and nourish me.

Did

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 163

Did Christ become a Child for me ?

Yea, nurs'd and dandl'd on the Knee ;
That I might walk in him by Faith,
Observing what his Gospel faith.

And did he work and toil for Bread ?

A Carpenter, I think, 'tis said ;
Be this a Lesson, then, to me,
That I industrious should be.

Ah ! in the Garden did he sweat

Great drops of Blood ? Shall I forget
What Agonies he bore for me ?
All this to set the guilty free.

He on the Cross resign'd his Breath,

His Father hid his Face at Death ;
And this did grieve the Saviour more
Than all the pains he ever bore.

And in the Grave he then was laid,
 Three Days, but there no longer staid;
 He lives to set the guilty free,
 And dearly bought our Liberty.

To Heav'n then he did ascend,
 And there he is the Sinner's Friend;
 Kind Intercessor for to be,
 Between an angry God and me.

In him I want more to rejoice,
 Oh! thou blest Spirit, tune my Voice,
 That thus I may with transport raise,
 A Song of Wonder, Love, and Praise.

And shall I ever with him live?
 More thanks are due than I can give:
 I to eternity shall raise
 A Song of Wonder, Love, and Praise.

Saturday's

Saturday's Meditation.

TO-MORROW be the Day
So well belov'd by me;
Oh! bring me to thy Courts, my God,
I long thy Face to see.

Oh! may I never enter there
With Spirit light, or vain;
Or trifling in thy presence sit,
Un-fed return again!

Give me an understanding Heart,
Thy Precepts all to learn;
And if the truth should not be spoke
A Judgment to discern.

Oh! for a sympathizing Heart,
To bear with Preachers then;
The humbling thought that I am Dust,
And they no more than Men.

The thirsty Soul; or, Meditation on the Weather.

AND has the thirsty Ground of late
 Been parch'd for want of Rain?
 Has now the Lord with fruitful Showers
 Refresh'd the Earth again?

And is my thirsty Soul grown dry,
 For want of heav'nly Dew?
 Lord, with thy gracious influence come,
 This Blessing sweet renew.

Quick then, dear Lord, appear to me,
 And warm this frozen Heart;
 Thy Promise thou wilt never leave,
 Altho' thou may'st depart.

I cannot bear thy absence, Lord,
 Tho' burthen'd with this Clay;
 Be like the youthful Hart or Roe,
 O'er Mountains, come away!

Mountains

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 167

Mountains of Sin and Unbelief
Before the Lord shall flee ;
Oh ! cast them all into the deep,
And found they shall not be.

The Christian Soldier ; or, The Spiritual Warfare.

WHY do I dread to meet my Foe,
Or to engage in War ;
Since that I know, thro' Christ my King,
I shall be Conqueror ?

The Helmet of Salvation he
Upon my Head does place ;
And when I'm weak,
He bids me seek,
And trust to him for Grace.

The Sword of th' Spirit too
He puts into my Hand ;

The

168 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

The Shield of Faith,
And thus he saith,
On thy Watch Tower stand.

To watch and pray, and trust his Grace,
Shall be my practice still;
All things for me shall work for good;
He will his Word fulfill.

On the Grace and Providence of God.

MAKE me contented, Oh! my God,
And may I plainly see,
Thro' all the various scenes of Life,
Thy Love and Care of me.

When on my Mother's Breast I hung,
Was nourish'd by thy care;
As soon as I could use my Tongue,
Was taught thy Name to fear.

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 169

But, Oh! so blind by Nature, I,
My Saviour did not know,
'Till thou, by Sov'reign Love and Pow'r,
Thy Truth to me did'st show.

And, Oh! so dreadful hard my Heart,
The power I did not feel,
'Till by afflicting me in Love,
Thou did'st thyself reveal.

Thou bid'st me then to follow Thee,
And sweetly seiz'd my Heart;
Then the rich Cov'nant of thy Love
Did'st to my Soul impart.

In thy dear Bosom did I lie,
Thou gently did'st me lead
To the rich Dainties in thy Word
My hungry Soul to feed.

X

Then

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Then me the Lord was pleas'd to try,
And make me see my Heart;
And from my Home, and from my Friends,
I then was call'd to part.

The Comforts of this Life withdrew,
That I, their worth might see,
And then thou gavest them again,
And thus instructed me.

But when this Heart, I came to see,
The sight how could I bear?
Had not I seen my Saviour too,
And cast on him my care.

On being in a lifeless frame on the Lord's-Day.

O H! why am I so sluggish grown
Upon the Sabbath Morn?
I do not rise with vigour now,
My Body to adorn,

But

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 171

But why, my Soul, art thou undrest
Upon this sacred Day?
Thou dost not fly in Raptures now,
To love, and praise, and pray.

Oh! why am I thus languid grown
In Body and in Mind?
And thus to Indolence and Sloth,
I Soul and Body find.

Oh! for a Draught of Love Divine,
To cheer me in the Way;
Upon my Saviour's Bosom let
My sinking Spirits lay.

My God, Oh! make me rest by Faith
On my Redeemer dear;
For sure I'm in a Wilnerdefs,
Of Sin and Sorrow here.

I think how winding are it's Paths,
Which is the next I see?
My dear Redeemer, keep me up,
I fain would rest on thee.

For I am like to Ivy weak,
Without thee I must fall;
And so to thee would wish to cling,
As Ivy to the Wall.

On Death.

TIR'D of Life and Sin, am I,
Longing with Christ to be;
But, Oh! methinks there's Death's dark Vale,
That parts my Love and me.

So Israel, when to Canaan bound,
A Jordan had in View;
The Priests went in, the Waters rose,
And let all Israel through,

My

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 173

My great High-Priest has conquer'd Death,
Nay, suffer'd it for me;
That I might on his Promise rest,
And from Death's Sting be free.

So when I am for Heaven fit,
I shall no longer Mourn;
For sure an Angel will be sent,
Safe to convey me Home.

Oh! with what Joy then shall I stand
Before that sacred Throne;
And hear the Wonders of his Love,
'Till then, to me unknown!

The Mist'ries of his Providence,
Concurring with his Grace,
Shall clearly be to me reveal'd,
Which here I ne'er could trace.

My

174 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

My dearest Friends and Kindred there,
I likewise hope to meet ;
And as we there shall part no more,
Our Raptures will be sweet.

But what will there delight me most,
Th' Mysterious Three-in-One ;
And hear them sweetly all agree,
T'accept me thro' the Son.

Meditations before the Lord's-Supper.

PREPARE my Soul to meet
Thee at thy Table, Lord ;
Oh ! bring me there,
My darknefs clear,
And make me hear thy Word.

Not only it to hear,
But feel that power divine ;

Know,

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 175

Know, for my Guilt
Thy blood was spilt,
Thou'ft bought and made me thine.

My Thoughts no longer fly
Abroad, to gather Shells;
All earthly Toys,
Are empty Joys,
My Jefus all excels.

My naked Soul adorn,
Give me a Wedding Drefs;
A broken Heart,
The better part,
My Saviour's Righteousnefs.

Thy Min'fters with Salvation cloathe,
Each Gift for thee employ;
Thy People to Praise,
With heavenly lays,
Thy Saints to fhout for Joy.

The

176 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

The Believer in the Wilderness.

O F the wide Wilderness, in Scripture I read;
God led forth his People, to try and to feed.
To feed them from Heaven the Manna it fell;
And the Rock issu'd Water to them for a well.

O feed me from Heaven with Bread that's divine;
For sure in this Wilderness Trials are mine.
For this Way, and that Way, and Cross-ways I'm led;
But I look to my Saviour, for he is the Head.

The Head of his Church; and his People will lead
To sweet Gospel Pastures, to drink and to feed.
Tho' I'm in a Desert, he can me supply;
I have fled to this Rock, and would on him rely.

When hungry and thirsty, and ready to faint;
He is the best Friend in ev'ry Complaint.
Come hither, his People, Oh! come in a throng;
And lean on this Saviour, his Arm it is strong.

This

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 177

This is the best Refuge you ever can take ;
For 'Thousands and Millions his Arm will ne'er
[break.

He is Omnipotent, and can us all bear ;
Invites us to come, and cast on him our care.

On Divine Providence.

MY God does me know, and great kindness
[does show,

He knows both my Joys and my Sorrow ;
He To-day does provide,
But wisely will hide
What is to befall on the Morrow.

To-morrow appears, and it brings on its Cares,
Not a Shilling could I take, or could borrow,
But at Eve a Friend sent,
With a kind intent,
And thus I want nothing To-morrow.

Y

A

178 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

My Friends were so good to send Money and Food,
A Present thus ended my Sorrow
Hence did my God show,
He did all my wants know,
And I sang to his Praise on the Morrow.

I'm taught for to pray for my Bread day by day,
Then why should I sit down in Sorrow ;
If To-day I have Bread,
Or Poverty dread,
I wou'd ask God for more on the Morrow.

I'd take prudent Care all the while I am here,
But not anxiously sit down in Sorrow
If To-day I am fed ;
I'll not trouble my Head,
I may be a Corpse on the Morrow.

Is Christ, then, my Head, have I tasted that Bread
That at Death will free me from all Sorrow ?

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 179

I then shall rejoice,
In the better choice,
If I sing in his Heaven To-morrow.

On being in great Pain.

PRAY give me patience, Oh! my God,
Most quietly to bear
All the Trouble and the Pain
Thou layest on me here.

Yea, to Correct, or to Instruct
Thou dealest thus with me;
Oh! give me then to see the cause,
That I improv'd may be.

I know that if I had not fin'd,
I should not suffer here;
But I'm too ready to complain,
My God and Saviour dear.

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But what is all the Pain I feel,
To what my Saviour bore,
When that his Hands and Feet were nail'd,
And stain'd with purple Gore.

What Desolation Sin has made,
Which cramps all earthly Joys
It's like a Worm that bites the Root,
And all the Plant destroys.

Thus do we suffer Sickness, Grief,
All Horror and all Pain;
True Happiness we never know.
Except we're born again.

Created thus in Christ anew,
They're blest who does believe;
Christ gives to such of Joys divine,
Which none but his receive.

Meditations

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 181

Meditation for the Lord's-Day Morn.

U N T O thy House, my God, I go,
To be instructed there ;
Give me an understanding Mind,
And an attentive Ear !

A Heart to love thy sacred Truths,
A Mem'ry to retain,
By every Sermon that I hear,
Some useful Knowledge gain.

Oh ! may I join in social Prayer,
And Worship thee in Spirit ;
Knowing that every Mercy flows
Thro' my Redeemer's Merit.

And may thy Praises warm my Heart ;
And when I, from thy House depart,
Impress each Truth upon my Mind,
That future blessings I may find.

Mental

182 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

Mental Prayer.

NO Time, no Place, had I this Morn
To bow the humble Knee ;
Or, thank my God for goodness great,
Last night, in keeping me !

My Soul by Meditation rise,
Ascend in mental Prayer ;
Accept my Thanks, Lord, look on me
Thro' thine anointed Dear.

Forgive my Sins, and grant me Grace,
Wifely to act my part ;
And since the World must have my Hands,
Dear Saviour, take my Heart.

On the Death of a Brother.

OH ! could I fly from every Eye,
Where I could vent my Grief ;
I think unto my troubled Soul
It would be some Relief.

Nothing

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 183

Nothing but a Redeemer's Love

Have I to comfort me ;

My God, he can do nothing wrong,

And I resign'd should be.

The Conclusion.

I Think that my Poems may be call'd the "Wet
Eye."

For as I repeat them, my hearers oft cry—

Yet I think some will say, I'd better set down

To Work in great haste, and make me a gown.

A Gown I have wanted indeed, I confess,

But my Mind, or my Body, which most should I
dress?

If the Body be dress'd, tho' the Mind it should starve,

Where is the Spectator, that will it observe.

Oh ! there is an Eye that does oft view my Heart,

Knows every Corner, examines each part ;

He

184 THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS.

He Wounds, and he Heals, and he will beautify
The darkest of Hearts that does on him rely.

He washes and cleanses, and gives a new Heart,
Are not these rich Blessings God's Love does impart,
A Friend said unto me, Religion you mind,
Your Time you must spend, since to Verse you're
[inclin'd.

What time can be lost, if I Work as I sing,
So oft-times I've heard the poor Plough-Boys in
[Spring,
To cheer up their Horses, and teach them to go;
Say, are not these Customs? ye Plough-boys do know.

But your Time you must loose when you set down
[to write;
Nay, Friend, you must know, I sit late up at Night;
That time from my Pillow I'd wish thus to take,
Sit late up at Night, in the Morning soon wake.

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 185

I have a good Master, I'd wish him to serve,
He's better unto me than e'er I deserve ;
He feeds, and he cloaths, and he visits me so,
He is the best Friend that I ever did know. ||

He's a royal Master, no less than a King,
He commands me to Work, and has taught me to
sing;
To sing to his Praises, is a sweet employ,
I wish all my Readers the like may enjoy.

F I N I S.

THE FEMALE'S MEDITATIONS. 182

I have a good Master, and I will not leave
His better than I have ever before;
His words, and he will give me to
He is the best I ever knew.



He is a good Master, and I will not leave
His commands to work, and he will give me to
He is the best I ever knew.

To be to be a good Master, and I will not leave
His commands to work, and he will give me to
He is the best I ever knew.

